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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF ITALY.*

The Italians are, at this moment, like Danté's shipwrecked sailor who turns about upon the shore which he has barely won, and looks back, breathless, across the perilous deep; just as we go over the waste of angry waves which had all but engulfed our Italy and her existing institutions. In our bewilderment, it still seems to us like a dream that, at the very moment when the fiftieth anniversary of the *Statuto* (the Italian Constitution of '48) was being celebrated with what seemed to be, and ought to have been, spontaneous and general enthusiasm, there should have broken out a revolt of the extremists of every shade—red, black and socialistic—so extensive and formidable that martial law had to be proclaimed over a large part of Italy.

How came it to pass that there was such tranquil security on the one side, and such reckless audacity on the other?

Undoubtedly the financial distress which had spread through our country until it threatened the bases of our most sacred institutions, together with the sudden and unprecedented rise in the price of bread, due to a bad harvest and the abrupt outbreak of the Spanish-American war,—doubtless, I say, these things had created a general uneasiness and distrust of the government and its policy, which might be held, to some extent, responsible for

our misfortunes. But if, in certain of the southern provinces, actual famine was the strong, sharp spur to revolt, it amounted, in mid-Italy and the north, to no more than a pretext, ably seized and handled by the enemies of our political institutions, for attacking the latter, and involving with them, in a common ruin, the unity and independence of our country.

Happily, amid the general disintegration of all authority, stability and confidence, one bulwark remained sound—the Italian army. Without that noble example of discipline, patriotism, self-abnegation, and every other virtue—our destruction might have been ere this an accomplished fact. But the army offered a prompt and vigorous resistance to anarchy, and Italy was saved. All honor to the army! It is the one institution where the heart of the nation still beats vigorously, where the nation recognizes itself.

How entirely distinct, on the other hand, from the nation proper, is the Parliament which it has called into being.

When the great vow taken by Cavour and the Italians had been fulfilled by the conquest of Rome, there was still lacking, to united Italy, a powerful breath of common life:—an irresistible reason for holding together. Her foreign foes disposed of, Italy subsided into a fatal quietism, convinced that she had nothing more

* Translated for *The Living Age*.

to do save tranquilly to enjoy the fruits of a victory, to secure which she had, in truth, not then made sacrifices proportionate to the benefits obtained. Peace abroad sharpened greed at home, aggravated the mania for getting on, and securing a good place at the banquet of the nations, and let loose a flood of political ambition and private cupidity. In Parliament, the noble rivalries of an unselfish patriotism, the zeal for completing and fortifying without delay the late-won unity of our country, gave place to personal squabbles for petty positions, and to a feverish thirst for popularity, and rage against the Conservative Right, which, whatever blunders it may have committed, had, at least, handed over to the Left an Italy at peace with all men, ready for the development of her own industries, and with a perfectly clean balance. Subsequently, the removal of the capital to Rome, the slowly but surely increasing preponderance in our councils of the southern element—that is to say of the least healthful in our body politic; the foolish abolition of the tax on bread-stuffs, which deprived the treasury of more than a hundred millions of revenue,¹ and the extension of the political and administrative suffrage to populations too ignorant to exercise it independently, honestly, and usefully—these, and other causes already indicated, contributed to bring about the result that the political activity of the country and of Parliament, diverted from the large and sound issues which touch our very existence as a nation, was turned backward and consumed upon itself until it became corrupt and degenerated into the festering sores which infest the whole fair frame of Italy. "Italy is made," was the thought of that swarm of sordid adventurers who sprang up like un-

wholesome fungi after a rain, "now let us make our own fortunes!"

And they kept their word so well that an unnatural rage for gain set in, and the germ of commercialism was propagated on all sides. A complete political and parliamentary transformation ensued. It was effected under the auspices of Depretis, the most cynical politician of our day, and the man whose influence over Italy has been most deleterious—the fact that he had the support of the Right affording conclusive proof that the party in question had survived its usefulness, and had, to all intents and purposes, already ceased to live, Mighetti, with the assistance of Sella, gave it decent burial, and the latest leaders of the Right acted also as its undertakers. Let the dead rest.

This transformation once fairly inaugurated, our policy, both at home and abroad, became a tissue of cynicism. Nobody believed in anything any more, save the success of the moment. Hence the endless acrobatic feats performed by our statesmen and deputies for the mere purpose of keeping their footing; hence compromises galore with their own and the opposite party; hence quarrels provoked and reconciliations patched up, on the avowed principle of the *do ut des* or the *do ut facias*. Such was the government of Depretis for many successive years.

It was followed by the administrations of the excellent Carioli, and the masterful Crispi, with an interval of the Protean di Rudini—whose first idea appeared to be to resuscitate the short-lived Right, already mouldered into dust;—while after Crispi came another season of Rudini. And so Depretis inaugurated an era of political corruption; Carioli one of incapacity—marked also by the tricks of the Berlin Congress, and the fall of the ingenuous Mancini into the African trap set with such Mephistophelian ability by Bis-

¹ 100,000,000 lire—\$20,000,000.

mark;—Crispi essayed the autocracy of one man, who knew, however, exactly what he wanted, Rudini again led the revolt of central Italy. But every one of them, from the least to the greatest, and whatever his pet policy, increased or suffered to increase the plague of judicial and administrative corruption.

Meanwhile, thanks chiefly to di Rudini and his aristocratic associations, the extremists were emboldened to lift up their heads. At first they practised a certain reserve, and concealed, to some extent, their real objects; but with di Rudini and Zanardelli (first President of the Chamber, and afterward Keeper of the Seals,) they soon threw off all disguise. In the Chamber they formed a group, which officially proclaimed itself not merely republican but socialist; while outside, in clubs and societies, by public demonstrations and through the medium of the press they openly unfurled the same banner. They were suffered by the authorities to do and say what they pleased; and the spectacle was presented of a state allowing its own institutions to be attacked, vilified, ridiculed—and its populace incited to revolt, not covertly, but in the broad light of day. The clerical party used a little more outward circumspection but did not hesitate to make common cause with republicans, socialists, anarchists, in short, with all and sundry the enemies of the *Statuto*; their one aim being to compass the destruction of the Kingdom of Italy and avenge the unpardonable crime of having shorn the pope of his temporal power, and restored the city of Rome to the common Italian fatherland.

What wonder that the various iconoclasts who had been obligingly allowed to form themselves into a powerful organization should cleverly have seized upon the high price of bread as a pretext for stirring up the masses to

revolt against the existing political order? What wonder that the masses followed their leading gladly, not to say with a kind of savage enthusiasm? What sort of a spectacle had been offered them of late by government and the ruling classes? A few laws looking to social amelioration, dragged through long years of wearisome parliamentary discussion, but insufficient, at best, to assure the personal safety of the operative, or an adequate compensation in case of accident; public works allowed to languish or cut down to the lowest possible figure; taxes upon the bare necessities of life continually increased until their burden was past endurance; the very springs of national wealth dried up, and work, by consequence, ever more and more difficult to obtain; a spirit of *parliamentarism*, overbearing, unfeeling, heart-breaking; a shameless favoritism which punished the weak with severity and let the rich and powerful go scot free; commercialism rampant, authority feeble and no longer respected; every moral restraint snapped, or at least relaxed, such was the spectacle which our country presented, and, to some extent continues to present. I repeat—if repression had not been swift and severe—if the army had not been a trustworthy instrument and perfectly sure of itself, the government would have been absolutely powerless to resist so sudden and formidable an attack on our social and political institutions.

But when repression takes the form of guns, cannon and prisons, its work is soon done, and mere material order speedily restored. The trouble is that, through a species of inertia, and the charm which ever attaches to the possession of overweening and irresponsible power, repression was kept up after the conditions which alone would have justified its employment had passed away. For the order which is

secured by violent measures is never enough. It is like a compressed spring, which, on the least relaxation of the compressing force, acts more strongly and dangerously than before. It is the causes of disorder which it behooves us to remove. While these exist, they will inevitably, sooner or later, produce the same results. It is the constitutional malady which must be treated and cured, lest it poison the whole framework of our society. And whoever thinks that the seeds of disease can be removed and troubles like ours cured in a hurry, whether by forcible measures or legal enactments, will find himself grossly mistaken. The complete cure of which our country stands in need will require long years of steady treatment, patiently adapted to our own peculiar case, given and received with the hearty and unfaltering consent of all parties concerned. It is a work of general recuperation, which must gradually permeate the whole sick organism, reaching and restoring each organ in turn, until all are once more fit to perform their proper functions in a normal and efficient manner. The rash application of heroic remedies would compromise the cure so earnestly desired, and might make an end of the patient once for all. And since our poor country seems to be diseased in every part, the work of healing must extend to all its organs.

II.

Meanwhile, and first of all, our constitutional functions must once more be restrained within the limits assigned by the *Statuto*. Let Parliament make the laws and appoint the men who are to administer the government, exercising a stricter supervision over the latter, and suffering no more breaches of the law. On the other hand, let the ministry really govern

and administer, guarding its own attributes from the encroachments of Parliament, and not suffering side-issues and party-interests to supersede those general interests of the state of which the Cabinet of the day ought to be the vigilant custodian. Finally, let the head of the state exercise watchfully, energetically and authoritatively his own high function of mediator between government and Parliament, recalling now one, and now the other, and now both, to the legitimate sphere of action from which they may have strayed; sitting as a strict but impartial and ultimate judge between the two, and, if need be, parting the combatants when they come to strife. The constitutional is one of the most delicate of all political machines. It is a thing of checks and balances; and the moment any one part either fails to exercise its proper function, or exercises it badly, or in excess, the whole construction feels the effect, and general confusion is the result. If, for example, Parliament interferes in any of those purely administrative acts to which the ministry alone is competent, the latter should by no means allow its hand to be forced. If an attempt be made, through the illicit interference of deputies or senators, to compel the government to appoint, remove, or transfer its employés, to favor this or that particular client or elector, to alter again and again the composition of one or another administrative body, to dissolve communal councils, to provide favored individuals with contracts for public works, to bestow unmerited honors, etc., government must know how to resist and defeat all such impudent assaults, and not yield, as so often happens, by way of currying favor, and securing the votes of petitioners at critical moments. If brazen professions of faith are made in the Chamber, in a sense contrary to the spirit of our institutions, government

should rebuke and repress them vigorously, invoking, if need be, the authority of the presiding officer. For if it ought to be repugnant to the conscience of a deputy to swear fidelity to the Constitution with intent and purpose to compass its ruin, while at the same time he owes to it alone his right to a seat in the Chamber, still more does it concern the government that conduct so disloyal should be judged and branded as it deserves. And when a violent and unscrupulous ministry undertakes to violate the Constitution, either by substituting for law the convenient device of royal decrees, or by levying taxes which have never been legally debated, or by a farcical pretense of considering Parliament prorogued without any formal dissolution or closing of the session, or by involving the country in ruinous colonial enterprises, then it behooves the head of the state to summon whatever energy and exercise, whatever authority, may be needful to recall the ministry to a respect for the *Statuto*. For the prince is a vital, essential, immanent force in the constitutional organism, without which all its functions would be seriously disturbed. The doctrine that it is the king's place to reign and not to govern, however easy and convenient a pretext it may afford to ministers who are impatient of all restraint upon their own arrogant policy, is an exploded doctrine, without one honest remaining adherent; and it is capable, if carried too far, of involving our whole constitutional system in irretrievable disaster. I do not mean to say that ministers ought to be selected at the mere caprice of the prince, and held responsible to him alone. In a parliamentary regime like ours this cannot be; and if the letter of the *Statuto* seems to look that way, it should be remembered that, after 1848, only the first ministry named by

Carlo Alberto was his own personal choice; the second, and all successive ones up to the present time have been designated by Parliament; and to such designation, without strong reasons to the contrary, the sovereign is bound to defer. This practice, almost—though not quite—Invariably observed, has now become as fixed a custom as though it were explicitly enjoined in the Constitution, while, on the other hand, certain of the express provisos of the *Statuto* have fallen completely into disuse.

When every branch of the body politic can be got to perform its own office, and that only, without either aggression upon its fellows or apathetic acquiescence in abuses, then, and then only, will the constitutional machine work well—work with the perfection of a living organism, and to the advantage of all.

And it will work all the better if, to continue the metaphor, we can contrive to avoid too frequently changing the chief engineer. Our ministries succeed one another with amazing rapidity, but they are all more or less alike. Since the birthday of the *Statuto*, two men only, Cavour and Depretis,—a strange association of names indeed!—have continued long in power. The one made Italy; the other began to unmake it by a process of universal corruption. Of all the remaining ministries, the average life has been a year and a half, and some have existed only a few months. Under these circumstances how can there be any such thing as a continuous administrative policy? How can ministers really govern, or be anything more than the unconscious tools of their own upper servants, especially if they be technically and flagrantly incompetent, flitting gaily from the army to public works, from public works to the navy, from the navy to foreign affairs, from finance to popular education, from education to

the administration of justice and the award of honors? One may be an encyclopedist without being a member of Parliament, but when were the encyclopedists ever taken seriously? And how is it possible for such utter novices in the art of ruling, to resist the pressing solicitations of professional politicians, business promoters, and schemers of every sort? So long as we go plunging down-hill at our present rate no change is to be looked for, but who gives a moment's heed to so elementary a truth? Thus evil is perpetuated because the causes of evil remain untouched, and not until we have pulled up and faced squarely round, can we be said to have made even an approach to an exact and loyal observance of our Constitution. This is the one thing needful to save our political life; the prime remedy for our misfortunes.

III.

But this will not suffice. Our policy, both foreign and domestic, must be regulated in accordance with our strength—adapted to the aims which we propose to ourselves, and the means at our disposition.

Now these aims and these means are alike very modest. Ours is a poor country, chiefly agricultural—a long country thrust out between two seas, firmly united to the continent on the north only, and slightly on the east and west. Nature designed this land of ours, not for that active participation in the larger affairs of Europe which is incumbent upon states enclosed on every side in a close territorial network, but to live her own domestic, not to say secluded, life, disengaged from all European interests save those of immediate neighborhood. We repeat that our foreign policy ought to be, if not isolate, at least as independent as that of England, shap-

ing itself by circumstances rather than constrained by the iron bonds of stable alliances, which, useful as they may be upon occasion, are more often irksome, and fatal to freedom of action. England, indeed, is a rich and powerful island, and we are a peninsula; but none the less does that geographical conformation which always plays so large a part in the destiny of any country constrain us to think chiefly of our own case and refrain from mixing in the affairs of others.

Were a state always free to adopt the foreign policy most in accordance with her own desires and interests, ours would never have swerved from the circumspect and modest line already pointed out. But the force of circumstances, added to our own imprudence and our vast inexperience, have led us far astray from it. The fatuous government of Signor Carioli, which made us the laughing-stock of the Berlin Congress while we were pushing madly on in Africa; our refusal to join England in the occupation of Egypt, a refusal which Cavour would, in all probability, have prevented; the diabolical craft of Bismarck, who, the better to secure the interests of Germany and at the same time fling an apple of lasting discord between Italy and France, incited the latter to occupy Tunis;—our own insensate expedition to Massaua, doomed to cost us so much in money and tears and bootless bloodshed—all these things have conspired for our damnation, luring us toward, involving us in, a disastrous colonial policy entailing the loss of all save honor, and from which, hampered as we now are, we can see no way of escape. But Mancini employed the rhetoric of the court-room to convince us that we must fish in the Red Sea, which is the key to the Mediterranean; and we, the sons rather than the slaves of rhetoric, whether ancient or modern (certainly

not the sons of Machiavelli!), gave ear to his insidious blandishments, going on from blunder to blunder, from Dagali to Abba-Garima. As if the key of the Mediterranean were not already in hands so strong that no power on earth would have the courage even to attempt to snatch it from them!

Betrayed into this accursed African policy, which Parliament and the country made the huge mistake of first enduring, then caressing, and finally embracing; deceived by the mirage of easy conquests and cheap military glory; menaced by France, still smarting under the old grudges of 1870, and casting covetous glances about her, from Nice, from Corsica, from Algeria and Tunis, we could discern no better way of salvation than to fling ourselves into the arms of Germany, which Bismarck, with his keen political intuition, flung wide open after he had embittered every subject of dispute between France and ourselves. Hence came, first the Dual and then the Triple Alliance, which bound us, in an evil day, of all Powers in the world, to Austria; and which, working on our silly determination not to be outdone by our allies, forced us to the maintenance of an armament far, far beyond our national means. Thus, while our enormous expenditure helped to exhaust the country, to dry up the sources of national prosperity, and paralyze our most promising industries, our army appropriations, though touching the figure, all but ruinous for us, of two hundred and forty millions, proved every day less and less adequate to the luxury of keeping up twelve army corps. We are maintaining the army of Darlus, while what we need is the army of Alexander. Ours is full of faith, courage and self-abnegation, but lacks much of the preparation which would enable it to face, at any moment, the supreme arbitrament of war.

If the half-milliard expended on the

African war, and the twenty millions or so which the occupation of that sterile country costs us every year, had been applied to improving the quality of our public instruction, to pushing forward our public works, to paying our justices more generously, and to better arming and equipping both an army and a navy reduced to reasonable proportions, the question of labor and of food would never have become so dangerously inflamed, nor would Italian blood have flowed in the streets of Italian cities. The extremists of either party would have lacked the lever needful for exciting, to the point of revolt, the great multitude of the discontented, the displaced, the desperate, and the proletariat generally.

But not only have we had the vanity to adopt a colonial policy while utterly destitute of the means requisite for such an end, we had also the madness to interfere in the Greco-Turkish quarrel, and waste a few more millions on the absurd attempt to play the part of European police. Such have been the fruits of the megalomaniac policy of a would-be Great Power—a policy which found its most reckless and dangerous exponent in Crispi, but which is not, nevertheless, entirely due to him. We are all more or less megalomaniacs, and shall be so long as we spend more than we can afford. If ever our accounts appear to come somewhere near balancing, their equilibrium is at the mercy of the slightest puff of wind. The bread riots have been suppressed; but without a healthy balance we cannot even begin to think of a useful and lasting financial reform; of lifting up the prostrate classes, and giving our industries the air they must have if they are not to die of suffocation.

When the treaties lapse that have bound us to the northern Powers, we must resume complete liberty of action; and first of all we must reduce that army which compromises our national

finances so heavily at the present time.

IV.

Along with our new foreign policy we must also reform our policy at home, adopting one equally removed from excessive economy and ruinous extravagance. The first duty of every state is to secure its own prosperity and permanence, and vigorously to oppose whatever might prejudice these two great ends. Whereby, whenever hostility to our established institutions takes the form of an active and threatening propaganda—whether through the press, or by means of any kind of associated action—government is bound to interfere by checking and punishing such action. There is nothing more subversive of all political order than the spectacle of a government so careless of its own dignity as to suffer to be perpetually assailed, ridiculed and maligned those national institutions of which it should itself be the chief and ever-watchful guardian. Whenever, in any country, the statement is repeated in manifold ways, but always with impunity, that the national misfortunes are due to the national institutions; that all would be well if these were replaced by others, and the whole social and economical fabric of society revolutionized—if property, family ties and religion were abolished;—when such destructive theories are allowed pompously to parade themselves both in and out of Parliament; when a home-minister withdraws from a funeral procession, because the representatives and symbols of disloyal associations figure in that procession unrebuked; when a ministry coquettes with party-leaders once openly recalcitrant, and who have consented to come back within the orbit of the law merely because it seems the likeliest way of compassing their own illegal ends; when a ministry allows itself to be co-

ered by the cries of the mob into granting one concession after another—how can such a government be strong enough to make itself respected and to enforce the laws? I do not say that we ought all to lull ourselves into a passive, *Mussulmanian* cult of the Constitution; that it is not allowable to study and to study sympathetically, other political forms, which might conceivably prove more suited to the interests of the country. But I do say and insist that these fanciful theories of reform shall not be incontinently translated into acts hostile to institutions which the country has accepted and undertaken to defend against all comers. We have a proverb which says:—

Dal dire al fare
C'è di mezzo il mare.²

and I earnestly maintain that sailing-papers ought not to be indiscriminately issued to those for whom landing on the further shore means war to the death upon the *Statuto*. Such a war would speedily degenerate into a street-fight, sharpening its weapons in newspaper-columns, and diffusing far and wide a poison deadly enough to destroy the whole body politic. Insurrections are always preceded by the propaganda of the clubs and the press and the thousand and one other devices, open and covert, which revolutionary parties have always at command. We ourselves have just made proof that this is so.

Republican societies and clubs, labor-leagues and liberty-leagues have been propagated all over our country, with what lawless and mutinous intentions we all knew, for no trouble was ever taken to disguise them. Yet the ministry looked on with stolid indifference while the institutions committed to its care were assailed and brought to the

² From word to deed is as far as from mid-ocean to land.

verge of ruin by the combined forces of their foes; the fact being that, while republicans of a moderate type are like smoke in the eyes of the socialists, and vice versa, they could all sink their differences for the moment in zeal for the destruction of their common enemy—the Constitution—though sure to hate one another more cordially than ever after their common end was attained. Great and even guilty was the governmental feebleness and lack of foresight, and not to be condoned by the prompt and strong measures of repression afterwards taken. Political rule should be first and always a system of wise precautionary measures for enforcing obedience to the laws. He who cannot exercise such providence and precaution, but is liable to be surprised by any sudden outbreak of violence, is unfit to hold the helm of a great state, however well he may understand the methods of repression—and the rather because repression is almost certain to be carried too far.

It is being carried too far at this moment.

Morbid terrorists exult in the employment of bullets and handcuffs for the suppression of a revolt, and care not how long so fine a civic spectacle is protracted. Only thus can they feel themselves reasonably secure and venture to look into the future without trepidation. But their very fears prevent their discerning the true nature of the evils to be dealt with or the remedies most hopeful for their cure. Let us suppose repression to be as prompt another time, and for an indefinite number of times, as it has been now, and that it strike right and left, ruthlessly, and sometimes blindly, until all is quiet on every side. "*Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" Recklessness entails repression, and repression in its turn entails recklessness, and so a fatal chain is forged, fit endlessly to torture our unhappy society, and little by little

to crush out all its life. Thus evil is perpetuated, while the terrorists aforesaid go on clamoring for enactments to curtail the freedom of the press, the right of public assembly and the extent of the electoral suffrage.

But, in the first place, are not our existing laws really sufficient? Signor Colombo says that they would be so if honestly and vigorously enforced; and he is right, though it required some courage to make the statement in the midst of a panic-stricken assembly. There are laws for the punishment of whoever by incendiary gatherings or publications shall make bitter and determined war on our political institutions, but it does not appear that any attempt has been made to execute them. And if the guardians of the public safety refrained from acting out of deference to their superiors, and the ministers of justice refrained from punishing, it is not the laws which should be held to blame. In the matter of laws, indeed, no country is richer than ours; possibly because *in corruptissima republica plurimal leges*. But they have grown rusty through long disuse, and the froward are not afraid of them. They impose only on the timid and unoffending.

So far as freedom of the press and of assembly, and the extent of the suffrage are concerned, let us begin by enforcing the laws we have, and if these prove inadequate upon trial, it will be time for the ministry to ask of Parliament either that its powers be enlarged, or its defences strengthened.

V.

The case is different as regards our system of taxation, where sweeping changes must be made if we would prove that we have really at heart the welfare of the poor and laboring classes.

To pay in proportion to one's posses-

sions is all very well: but this principle does not preclude, it rather requires the complete exemption of him who has barely enough to live upon. From the strictly needful nothing can be subtracted. Taxes are to be assessed on the various manifestations of wealth; hence when wealth is not manifested it is not to be taxed. But surely no more are those slender savings which are no manifestation of wealth at all, but merely a proof of thrift and foresight. To touch these is to offer a direct encouragement to extravagance and dissipation, for why should treasure be laid up for the tax-gatherer? The question has already been raised of abolishing the tax upon small savings, and the measure ought promptly to be taken up again and carried without fuss or flourish of any kind. It is easy to promise, but difficult to perform; and especially difficult to satisfy the desires which have been stimulated by vague promises.

I myself also am of opinion that it would not compromise that due proportion between property and imposts which was aimed at by the *Statuto*, if taxation of the latter were made to some extent progressive. The man who has a hundred of anything is more than ten times as rich as the man who has ten, for the reason that the expenses, general and other, of production, preservation and reproduction are proportionately less for the former than for the latter. An engine of a hundred horse-power generates more force than ten of ten horse-power; and it costs less to maintain a hundred persons together than to maintain them separately. The natural and economic law is in perfect accord with the financial one.

The next reform should be to remove the *dazio*, or tax upon articles consumed, which is peculiarly oppressive to the poor man, because it falls upon the first necessities of life. The moment the poor man becomes convinced

that the rich and powerful are really thinking for him, and are ready to act rather than talk upon his side, the sharp antagonism between capital and labor, master and man, which now constitutes the gravest of dangers for our existing order, will begin to subside. The only way to disarm the socialists is to render their labor vain by carrying into effect some of the more reasonable of the reforms which they demand, such as assisting the larger industries, removing the burdens which hamper them, and promoting the economic movement toward giving the workman a direct share in the profits of production.

Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that no more is needed to ensure general prosperity and appease the strife between labor and capital than to lighten the laborer's taxes and increase those of the capitalist. Labor and capital are but two sides of the same thing, two parts of a single whole, perpetually reacting upon one another. If capital prospers, labor prospers. To attempt relieving the workman by oppressing the employer is to take the workman's work away, since it deprives the employer of the means of paying a living wage. Taxes must be lightened for us all or we shall be ruined altogether. So long as we have a budget of 1,600,000,000,³ of which 800,000,000 go for interest on the public debt, and about 400,000,000 more for the expenses of the army and navy, leaving barely 400,000,000 for all the other branches of the public service, it can hardly be expected that the state should come strongly to the assistance either of employer or employed. The first thing requisite for this end is to cut down our unproductive expenditure, reducing the army to reasonable proportions; reducing also the number of those useless and therefore injuri-

³ \$320,000,000.

ous administrative bodies, of which we have in our country so senseless a superfluity—prefectures, tribunals, courts of appeal and cassation, sub-prefectures, financial and university boards. In short, as I said before, what we have to do is to adopt a more modest policy, both at home and abroad; husband our forces, use them with a wise moderation, and thus prepare ourselves for living a more active international life whenever we may have the means of doing so to advantage.

Such a reform in our general policy would be worth any number of merely palliative social enactments, hastily, and perhaps reluctantly, passed, and received without enthusiasm, fit only to increase the general unrest, to stimulate the rage for innovation and prepare the way for new results. "In the economical, no less than in the political and religious order," said that great statesman Camillo Cavour, "ideas must be met by ideas; principles by principles. Material coercion is of little value. Cannon and bayonets may suppress theories for a time and maintain a mere material order; but, believe me, gentlemen, the speculations of the intellect will sooner or later translate themselves into action, and win mastery in the political and economical order as well." It would seem as though these words must have been suggested by the deplorable conflict of the last few days, and uttered only yesterday; but, as a matter of fact, they were pronounced in the Piedmontese Chamber during the session of April 15th, 1851. Our great man was a prophet, but an unheeded one. Cavour had an illimitable and unassassable faith in liberty wisely understood and applied. It was a favorite saying of his that the worst of Chambers is better than any antichamber; whereas the tendency now is to govern far more by the latter instrument than by the former; and almost with his latest breath he reiterated the warning

that, in a state of siege, it is anybody's government. Prophetic words, these also, and worthy of one whom the intuition of genius enabled to see very far; while the men of to-day with their vision of a span long, have the assurance to think that we can be sufficiently defended against the perils which are surging thick on every side by a few social enactments and custom-house regulations, by the use and abuse of the power to appoint special police, and by substituting military tribunals for the ordinary administration of the civil law. . . .

VI.

But, complicated as are the political and financial maladies under which Italy is now suffering, the most serious feature of her case is a matter of temperament—a general debility which impairs the very basis of her existence. The nation or the individual that would seriously set about a thorough-going economical reform must have a strong and unswerving faith, both in the necessity of the end to be obtained and in the efficacy of the means employed. If faith can remove mountains, scepticism can remove nothing and lead to nothing. It paralyzes and sterilizes all moral energy. And it is scepticism, indifference, depression, apathy, of which we are now ailing. We are nauseated and we are spent. The idea of the common fatherland, once omnipotent, is powerless to arouse or fire us with any sacred enthusiasm. We would like a country, strong, free and prosperous—oh, yes!—but we feel ourselves incapable of the effort necessary to attain that noble end. The strings no longer sound; the heart of the people seems atrophied. In a morbid passion for the brotherhood of the human race we have forgotten to be Italian citizens; and the more love we have lavished upon humanity the less has been left for our

country. "We are made after one likeness." "We are bought with one redemption;" true, but the fact ought not to destroy, or in any degree diminish, our love for the natal soil—the mother-land that bore us. That was a poet of sound common sense who said that a man should be, "first the head of his own house; next a citizen in his own city; then an Italian in Italy, and finally a man in humanity." The socialist, on the other hand, in his zeal for having all men brothers, is ready to annihilate the nation, to cancel history and tradition—glory achieved and suffering endured—to the end that the whole race may be muffled and disguised in the same humanitarian cloak. As if family, city, country, were words void of meaning and fit only to foster discord among men! No, if such a humanitarian fusion be possible at all, it can only be accomplished when men shall have learned in the school of the family, the city, the nation, to guard with sleepless vigilance their rights of personal freedom and private citizenship. It is a noble ideal, but infinitely remote, and, pending its realization, let us cherish the man and the citizen, as he now is, and will be for a long time to come.

But to arouse and fortify our moral energies one great force is lacking to us as a nation—the force which has carried such peoples as the English and the Germans to their commanding place in the world—that of religion. To us Italians has fallen both the honor and the misfortune of having the seat of the papacy within our own doors; the honor, because of the lustre and prestige which Italy derives from such an association; the misfortune, because if the interests of the popes have occasionally coincided with the general interests of the country, far oftener the pontiffs have been the best friends of the worst enemies of Italy, and have not hesitated to sacrifice her to their own overweening greed of personal

power. Italians have thus come to look upon the popes as the implacable foes of national unity and independence, and to hate and distrust them as though they were foreigners. The prince in the pope has been confounded with the head of the Catholic church, and hatred of the prince has been transmuted into aversion toward the church—or at least toward its supreme pontiff. And this conflict between the popes and Italy, provoked by the encyclical of April 29th, 1848, and aggravated by the guilty dalliance of the papacy with Austrians, French and Bourbons, has been, as one may say, flagrant, permanent and unappeasable ever since the Italian army entered Rome on the 2d of September, 1870, and put an end forever to the temporal power of the popes, thus accomplishing the greatest deed of a century rich already in great and striking events.

Ever since then Italy and the papacy have regarded one another as implacable enemies. We passed a law of guarantees indeed, but that did not prevent our seizing and selling the property of the church, with no better pretext for such spoliation than the right of the stronger. So the feud was kept up, and it cannot be denied that the papacy has shown itself more logical and assured in its treatment of Italy than Italy in its policy toward the papacy. The latter has never bated a jot either of its claims or its grievances, while Italy has constantly wavered. One day she threatens a hostile attack upon the Vatican; the next she is making eyes in that direction, and stooping to compliments and concessions which the other either squarely rejects, or receives with grave distrust and reserve, unwilling to accept, though ostentatiously declining to refuse. One day Italy plays the atheist; the next she desires to be considered Catholic.

Now this shuffling policy is alike fatal to the interests of our government and

to its dignity. We would better acknowledge, once for all, that all agreement with the papacy is impossible at present, and will probably be so for a long time to come. The papacy will never budge from its haughty refusal to acknowledge the Italian state until the latter shall consent to restore to the pontiff at least such a shadow of the old temporal power as would be implied in the possession of Rome and a way of access to the sea. To such pretensions the Italian government can only oppose a *non possumus* even more stubborn, peremptory and inflexible than the papal one. For Italy to stoop even to discuss such a question would be to cover herself with shame, to deny her own national existence and the reasons for that existence, and to excite such a fury of popular opposition as would be destructive of all authority. Admitting, then, the impossibility of any *modus vivendi* between the Catholic church and the Italian state, yet carefully refraining from anything like persecution, whether of the church or its ministers, let us look to the defence of our own rights and interests. No aggression, but, also, no concession. Let church and state alike stand on the defensive. The "free church in a free state" of Cavour presupposed conditions very different from ours.

Yet it cannot be denied that the present state of things is a sad one, especially when we think of the great and ever-widening and increasing moral authority wielded by the Church of Rome, and that so many of the evils which torment us in these days spring from the relaxation of the religious restraints imposed by that authority. Why should we delude ourselves in this matter? Every one of us is more or less preoccupied with the deep mystery of a future life. The thought of recompense for the good who have suffered in this earthly existence, and of retribution for the triumphant scoundrel, assails the

brain incessantly, and lurks in the deepest recesses of the heart. Strong spirits may deny or feign to deny this truth; serene and collected souls may acknowledge the terrible problem, admitting at the same time that they are powerless even to attempt to solve it. But while the man of disciplined and cultivated mind who has studied this question deeply and reflected on it profoundly may find within himself a principle of self-restraint independent of all religious belief, the case is very different with the coarse and illiterate. For them religion and the sanctions indissolubly bound up with it constitute the sole efficient curb—far stronger in their case than that of laws and courts of justice. Many a malefactor defiant of these will quail before the menace of endless punishment in a future life. For the laws and the tribunals of men may be evaded, but not the judgment of God:—

Quantus timor est futurus
Quando judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

It is not easy to dismiss with a light or defiant shrug the vast and nameless apprehension which these terrible words inspire.

Such is the strait into which we have been brought by that fatal breach between Italy and the papacy, which the lapse of ages alone can heal.

And, meanwhile, we can only stand at guard.

VII.

Another moral force miserably compromised among us at the present time is the administration of justice, often, and rightly, described as the very foundation stone of kingdoms and of states. Amid the imbroglio of human wills and ambitions—the brutal triumphs of force over right and of wealth over poverty—faith in human justice is a sheet-anchor

and a strong defence, checking the temptation to meet violence with violence, comforting the soul, and warding off despair. But the days of the Miller of *Sans Souci* are unhappily gone by; and now it is no longer against kings and princes that justice has to be invoked, but against their ministers and the throng of agents who depend upon these ministers, and are the humble slaves of those who, rightly or wrongly, hold positions of trust in Parliament or on the bench, or the great railway boards. Royal personages, in these days, may be ciphers for ineptitude, or agitators through restlessness of spirit, but actively harmful they can no longer be. Usually they remain passive, allowing their ministers to dispose of them as they will, so only they be spared annoyance. The prince who acts otherwise, who takes an active share in the business of the state, even within the limits of his own royal prerogative, is a great rarity. The business of kingship has declined like other crafts, and it is a pity, for monarchies, despite their many grave mistakes, have rendered services to humanity which should never be forgotten.

But with us at the present time the administration of justice is one of the most corrupt branches of the government, and one which has felt with peculiar force the deleterious influence of politics. Our justices of every grade are poorly paid in proportion to the high office they discharge, the temptations to which they are exposed, and also to the emoluments which their peers receive in really free countries like England and the United States. How can we expect an impartial discharge of duty from a man miserably paid, exposed to the caprices, the weaknesses and sometimes to the vengeance of a minister—or of the person who holds the key of the minister's heart—liable to be removed between two days and ruthlessly sent from one end of Italy to

the other; a man credulous of promises, and not insensible to the charms of promotion! He was a man, a husband, the father of a family, before he was a judge. He needs every material help to the fulfilment of his functions, every outward defence against temptation if the administration of justice is not to become a meaningless phrase, a mere legal mask for the concealment of flagrant wrong.

We know only too well how the legal trials of certain banks and bankers, and men implicated in politics, have been and are conducted. The accused are either acquitted, or allowed to escape, or receive an exclusively political sentence, disregarded by the more daring and ambitious with supreme disdain. Hence the spectacle of men who were Keepers of the Seals or Presidents of the Chamber but yesterday, and who in the insane see-saw of rapidly succeeding ministries, are likely enough to resume the same offices to-morrow, assuming, for the nonce, the advocate's robe, taking up abandoned causes or undertaking new. How can a poor judge remain free and impartial before such an advocate, who was but lately the first of his superior officers, and may soon be so again. . . . What our country needs is a general revival of the feeling for and faith in justice. Lacking this, we lack the most massive and deep-laid of the foundations of civil society, and when we build, we build upon the sand. This is the all-essential reform toward which our best energies ought to be directed. It goes deeper than all political institutions, many varieties of which may be good, or, at least, bearable, and touches the very essence of man's being, and that of the society in which he lives. Justice—sound and absolutely impartial, inviolate and above suspicion—there is the goddess to whom we should burn all our incense, who claims the tribute of our most reverent adoration.

But the first step toward restoring her cult in its purity must be a sweeping reduction in the number of our petty courts, and such salaries for our judges as shall render them independent of ministerial and parliamentary influence.

VIII.

Nor is justice a matter of the court-room only. It should equally pervade our administrative departments and extend to every branch of a government which resumes and represents in itself all authority. We have chosen to make the state omnipotent—a hundred-eyed Argus, a hundred-armed Briareus—and there is no matter too small for the vigilant supervision and interference of the central power. But from this excessive centralization spring two serious evils. When the government is omni-vigilant, omniscient and omnipotent, moral energy and the sense of private responsibility are lulled to sleep in the citizen. He comes to look to the paternal power above him, even for rain and sunshine, and to resign himself to a life of passive obedience. On the other hand the government, which has undertaken this oppressive interference in the minutest matters, falls into error through the very vastness and complexity of its heterogeneous business, becomes more susceptible to parliamentary influence and less capable of resisting it, with the result that its affairs are never properly expedited, but drag on for months and years. The distressing delays of our bureaucracy have become proverbial. We have to look to it that government and the state exercise only a general influence over local business, and leave the province, the commune, the citizen free to regulate the affairs which concern themselves alone. Why, for instance, should the state build railways for other than strategical purposes, or un-

dertake the management of baths, or insure or manufacture, or buy and sell grain or other commodities? All such practices increase the power of the state at the expense of the citizens' freedom. Government exists for the benefit of the governed, not for its own. The state (which is the supreme juridical and political expression of civil consociation), and government (which is the organ of the state's action) should be but means—even if essential ones—to enable each one of us to attain the true end of his existence—that is to say, his own moral, intellectual and material perfection. To sacrifice the citizen to the government and the state is to substitute for the true end of our being the ends aimed at by that state-socialism which is the parent of extreme socialism, or collectivism; though the son has gone far beyond the teaching of the father.

If state and government were restricted within their natural limits the abuse of power would be greatly lessened, wrongs would be righted, and each citizen would come to see that he must be himself the architect of his own fortunes. But to this end we must decentralize; that is to say, withdraw from government agents many of the powers which they now exercise, and bestow on the local entities of the province and the commune the management of affairs which concern these entities only. Especially in a country like Italy, divided for so many centuries into different lordships, with diverse laws, manners, customs and tendencies, is there need of a communal, provincial or regional life, unhampered by the interference of the central and official power. To constrain such a country to obey an invariable and irresponsible bureaucracy is forcibly to stretch it upon the bed of Procrustes. To claim that a commune of northern or central Italy should submit to the same rules as one of southern or insular Italy, is utterly to miscon-

ceive the social and moral conditions of either locality. Without a genuine and liberal local autonomy Italy will find herself smothered in the deadly embrace of a legislative unity deemed necessary, in the first instance, to rivet the untried bonds of the new state, but destructive of all local energy and initiative. For if the division of our country into administrative districts gives rise to certain anxieties not wholly groundless, every effort should at least be made to stimulate the local and parochial life—that life of the commune out of which modern Italy grew, and which forms the substratum of our whole national existence. If the force of circumstances had not impelled us to state unity, there was never a country, perhaps, better fitted than ours, by tradition, habits, tendencies and aspirations, for a federative life. Happily, or unhappily, for us, fate willed it otherwise, and *cosa fatta capo ha.*⁴ He who would now attempt a change would run the risk of pulling the whole national edifice about his ears—and who would venture so far?

IX.

But if we would thoroughly extirpate the gangrene that infects us, we must go back to the beginning and resume the old ways. And the old ways are not so very old. They imply a return to the *Statuto*, but not a merely nominal and formal return, for times have changed since 1848. Our constitution was framed for a purely representative government; it must now be adapted to a strictly parliamentary government. History does not repeat itself. Time does not run backward. Evolution is not arrested. The return which we invoke is a return to the spirit of the *Statuto*; to the harmonious and efficient exercise of all the powers therein for-

mulated, and to a just and stable equilibrium among these powers.

Let the sovereign also exercise a sovereign's rights, take the lead at difficult crises, and point out the path to be followed. Let him command, when there are battles to fight, enforce obedience to the Constitution and the laws, recall to order those who have defied them, and know when and how to dismiss ministers who are not serving the interests of the country, and to replace them by others more fit. Let the government really govern, and not allow its hand to be forced by Parliament, or, worse yet, by party influence, or, worst of all, by sects and fragments of parties. Let the legislature truly legislate, keep a watch over the government lest it transgress its legal bounds, but never usurp its functions nor lose itself in quibbling and idle talk. Let it keep in close touch with the country, not holding itself apart and aloof; and let it compose its own dissensions, remembering that the electors have sent their representatives to the Chamber for the greater good of the country, and not to waste their time in a miserable rivalry of private interests or the struggle for a more or less legitimate ascendancy. When every branch of the government shall once more work within its own proper limits and not seek to overpass them; when honor and right resume their sway, and faith in the administration of justice shall have been revived; when the wealth of the country is no more squandered upon insane enterprises or military armaments far beyond our means, but applied to the actual needs of the nation and the fostering of our own industries and commerce—then the outlook for Italy will cease to be desperate; then the forces of disorder will no longer find in the prevailing discontent a pretext for inciting our people to revolt, and public sentiment will slowly but surely return to affection for our institutions and the

⁴ The accomplished fact is supreme.

freedom which they ensure. If the country and its institutions are not now mutually hostile they are mutually distrustful, and not until confidence is fully restored will the menace of ruin pass away.

Nuova Antologia.

Simple and obvious reflections, these, and such as any man of good sense may make for himself; yet it is well to recall them to the minds of all, for Italians readily forget.

Ercole Vidari.

THE GUARDS OF RIGHT.

The skies are dark, the mist is dense,
We cannot see our way;
A pressure that is chill, intense,
Has hidden all our day!
We know the foe is somewhere near
Beneath this blinding blight
Of doubt, uncertainty, not fear—
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Dimly the sun has kissed the East,
Dimly has kissed the West!
We're bidden to the fateful feast,
Where War shall mate with Rest.
A cry comes forth from out yon gloom
That should be dove-like, white,
"Sheathe swords! suppress the cannon boom!"
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

The promises of broken faith
On Sands of Time are strown,
We bought those promises with Death.
What sowed them? Blood! our own!
Across the seas on every strand
The bones of men bleach white,
The Sign-posts of our Mother-land!
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Stand fast! nor heed the whining cry
Of curs, who fear the foe,
Of women, who would fain deny
That God had made them so!
Stand fast! for all that Britain's worth!
Stand fast! amid this night!
You hold the Peace of all the earth!
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Punch.

CONSTANCE.¹BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).Translated for *The Living Age* by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

CHAPTER V.

In the only sleeping chamber that had been lately furnished at the Park—a large room, very simply provided with the merest necessaries, having a strong flavor of cigarettes, and the only decorations of which were arms hung on the walls, shelves full of books, and seats on which a man might sit astride if he would and smoke, or tip his head back according to his own particular masculine predilection—in this large bachelor chamber, half illuminated by one faint light, a woman lay upon the bed of M. de Glynne. It might be more correct to say that she was writhing in the paroxysms of a violent nervous attack, little mitigated by the awkward attentions of Janonette, who, never having seen anything of the kind before, kept timidly sprinkling a few drops of water upon her face from time to time, and, when this had no effect, muttering exclamations of distress mingled with prayers.

Some one had had the sense to unloose the woman's corsage, a man's hand, no doubt, for the delicate material had been roughly torn, and down her white bosom ran a little stream of blood, moistening the many folds of cambric and rich lace.

"Ah! sir—ah! doctor, here you come at last!" cried Janonette. "We have had a terrible time. Sometimes the poor lady screams enough to break your heart, and sometimes she grits her teeth as if she would break them. I don't know what to do for her."

"Are you the only person to take care of her?" asked the doctor, satisfying

himself at once as to the extent of the injury.

Janonette nodded with an air of great disapprobation and compassion.

"Well, take away this pillow; let her lie flat. That's right. Escaloup, hold this lamp so I can see. It is a scratch, nothing more. She is more frightened than hurt. Come, my dear lady, calm yourself. Nervous, very nervous, that's what's the matter with you. But as for the rest of it, the scar will never even show. Rub her legs while I put on this bandage better than you could. And quick—a feather—you can certainly find a feather to burn under her nose? It seems as if there was nothing to be found in this house. Luckily I have my pocket medicine case. Take out some linen, some lint—some plaster. There! She is coming to herself!"

The young woman had raised her hand to her neck, and the closed eyelids had trembled violently; her teeth unclenched and she gave a deep sigh.

"There! now you feel better, don't you?" said the doctor in a coaxing way. "Does your head hurt you? Yes, of course it does," he continued, in response to a convulsive movement of her hand, "but it will soon be better. Tears, now?—All the better! Cry, cry all you want to. You will get well all the sooner."

"Ah!" cried Janonette, wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron, "she has suffered too much. One cannot help pitying her."

"It is not pain that makes her shed those tears," said the doctor. "They will do her good. Has she been long in this condition?"

"More than an hour. We ran into the

¹ Copyright by *The Living Age* Co.

library when we heard monsieur call; she was lying full length on the carpet, with this knife beside her," said Janonette, exhibiting a little poniard with a very sharp triangular blade. "It is the knife monsieur uses to cut open the pages of his books with. *Tel* there, she is bad again. These attacks have never ceased since we lifted her and put her on this bed. She kept waking up and shivering like a dog (*sauf votre respect*) who is barking at the moon; then she would seem to tear her hair, and then fall back stiff as a bar of iron, and then she would begin again to toss about a minute after. You'll see that she will die of it, or go mad, poor thing!"

"She won't do either. Don't frighten yourself. The hand that struck that blow was not very firm. Was it at the close of some scene—some dispute?" asked the doctor, as he went on attending to a wound which had barely raised the skin upon the woman's heaving breast.

"Here's how it all happened," replied Janonette, in the same disapproving tone. "She came here in one of Lajoux's carriages—you know Lajoussé, the livery stable keeper at Nérac—while monsieur was out riding. I was here alone with Escaloup; she just told us she wanted to speak to monsieur and that she would wait for him, but that we had better not tell him anything when he came in, and she would stay in the library. I may as well tell you that she asked us many questions, and made us show her the house, but she was very good to us, and had her money always in her hand. So we told her that monsieur, after he had dined, always went into the library. I thought she wanted to take him by surprise, and she was such a nice, handsome lady that I thought monsieur would be pleased, and besides, as I told you, she knew how to behave to us, and was so amiable and generous! When I

brought her a poor, miserable plate of soup she gave me a piece of gold. One had only to look at her to see that she was a person well brought up, and well-to-do, who had not come here for any harm. But I suppose we did wrong, for monsieur has given us both warning. But how could we refuse what the lady asked so politely? So we let her do what she liked, while she waited for monsieur, who came home late. The English groom, who was with him, took the horses to the stable, and he—I mean our master—asked for his dinner at once.

"I was rather surprised that the lady did not wish to sit down with him at the table, but she seemed tired—and then it was her business, not mine, was it not? She had come from Paris, where monsieur may have secrets which she would know better than we! When monsieur had finished his dinner he went into the library; the lamp was lighted there as usual, though it was not quite dark. Then I went a little near the door to hear if he was pleased or not, and I found out all at once that surely he was not! He blurted out a great oath—I won't say for certain that it was one, but it sounded like it—and he cried out—'You here! you—!' You never heard a voice more angry. But the voice of the poor, dear, little lady was so soft. She was imploring him, yes! I could not hear the words because there is a heavy portière over the door, and then with their sharp-pointed speech, such as they use in Paris, it was hard to understand.

"At last, at the end, she seemed to grow angry too. They both spoke at once, and it seemed to me as if she was threatening him. Then I heard a sudden scream, and monsieur opened the door so quickly that I had only just time to make my escape. He was crying 'Help! a doctor—!' and he was as white as a sheet. 'Quick—bring a doctor!' As I was near enough to hear him,

I ran for Escaloup, and said to him, 'Bring the nearest doctor.' And then I went back into the library, where the lady was lying on the floor, and monsieur was kneeling by her side. He had opened her gown by tearing off all the buttons, and he said—yes, I am sure I heard him say—'Actress! infernal actress!' No doubt he found that she had not stabbed herself in good earnest, and he was much vexed!

"For one could see that she was a person whom he had some cause to dislike. Even the way in which he said it—'Madame is wounded—look after her till the doctor comes;' he did not even help to lay her on this bed; he called the Englishman for that. It seemed as if he hated to touch her. She is certainly anything but disgusting! Hasn't she got a skin as soft as satin, and underclothes all openwork, smelling just like flowers? You may believe me or not, doctor, but I am certain it is some love affair, in which he has been to blame. Anyhow, men are always in the wrong about such things."

Janonette's long story was not told all at once, but in scraps, as it were, while she was handing pins to the doctor, or helping him to undress the stranger, who lay there with closed eyes, inert and pale, but now calm and quiet, as if her apparent unconsciousness had been assumed. She might have been listening, in spite of her nervous excitement, to this story of which she was the heroine. Suddenly she turned her head, opened her eyes and asked with a shiver:—

"Where am I?"

"In the hands of a doctor who promises to make you all right very soon, if only you are good," replied the doctor, cordially.

She looked around her as if frightened, passed over her face her slender fingers, glistening with rings, and said:—

"Take me away! Take me away at

once! I will not stay here—no—not an hour, not a minute."

The doctor then noticed that the "sharp-pointed speech" which Janonette called Parisian was really an almost imperceptible foreign accent.

"What you ask, madame, is impossible. But to-morrow I will see you again. Then we will see what I can do for you. Now drink some orange flower water, and try to sleep! You are overcome by fatigue."

"I wanted to kill myself," she said, sadly.

"Did you really wish to do that? You were wrong, at all events, and you did not succeed. We will try and see that you have no more such dismal notions. Janonette will stay by you to-night, will you not, Janonette? And to-morrow things will seem brighter. The sun is a good counsellor."

"I had solemnly resolved never to see him again," replied the woman, whose tears had begun to flow again. "I hate him—I hate everything and everybody who has made me suffer. I am so wretched," she added, impetuously, after a pause, during which she sobbed violently.

"Perhaps you will not think so to-morrow—who knows? Circumstances change and hearts are touched sometimes."

She slowly shook her head.

"All is over for me. I can but die."

"Try to sleep, I beg you," said the doctor.

She tried to gather up her dishevelled hair, but the pain of her wound, though the cut was not very deep, obliged her to desist. With a faint groan, she hid her face in the golden waves of her hair, and closed her eyes.

"You must not leave her for a moment," said the doctor to Janonette.

"Oh, no, monsieur, I will stay here till morning, saying my rosary."

"And I will be here again before breakfast. Make her take some drops

of this sedative every hour, if the excitement begins again."

"Ah, *ca!*" thought the doctor as he left the chamber. "Does the fine gentleman for whose love a woman has tried to stab herself intend to remain invisible? Shame, without doubt—or remorse—*Ma foi!* that little woman has the prettiest shoulders I ever saw in my life—and carved out of snow. Such whiteness! But some men have hearts of stone, when they have ceased to love a woman. For no doubt this is the end of a romance."

Suddenly, as he was crossing the vestibule, M. de Glynne appeared before him, leaning against a door, and apparently waiting for him.

"I have many excuses to make to you," he said, coming forward with a quickness that did not conceal his embarrassment.

"Excuses, my dear sir? What for? I am glad to have been of service to a person in whom you take an interest." The doctor put a trace of malice into the words. "And I am still more glad to be able to set your mind at rest as to the consequences of the little accident."

A slight flush of annoyance darkened the face of M. de Glynne, and he shrugged his shoulders in a way to convey the idea—"What do I care!"

"That fool Escaloup did not understand my orders," he said, aloud. "When I told him to call in a doctor, I did not mean him to trouble you. I may add that I should rather have seen some other man."

"Much obliged to you!" interrupted the doctor.

"You understand me perfectly! With a stranger I should have avoided an interview, and my situation would have been less painful, less absurd—"

"I see nothing absurd, monsieur, in what has happened."

"But you will not deny that you have—and that is very natural—drawn con-

clusions—had suspicions that must influence our future relations. I should be very sorry, for my part, to have this so. Whatever may come of it, allow me to say one thing: on my honor I assure you that I have done nothing that could justify the act of folly this night committed under my roof. I give you my word of honor that I have nothing to reproach myself with with respect to this person you have been called to attend. If either of us has wronged the other, it is she, it is she alone. Yes, a wrong deep, irreparable. This explanation may, I hope, prove how highly I prize the esteem of a man like you, and the pain it would give me to lose it, even before it was gained."

M. de Glynne spoke with a restrained emotion that convinced the doctor more than any evidence. A few minutes before his opinion had been the same as that of Janonette; now, without exactly knowing why, he changed about.

"Monsieur," said he, extending his hand to the man who had so well approached a question so delicate, "I have seen too many strange things in my life to jump at conclusions lightly. I am glad to be able to believe you an honest man, and to take your word for it."

They shook hands, and nothing more was said between them. But Dr. Vidal's feelings when he returned home were very different from those with which he had gone up to the Park. With remarkable versatility he took the opposite side in his own argument.

"It is quite true," he said to himself, "that there are women altogether wicked and perverse! The man who falls into their claws is to be pitied! After all, one must understand a thing to be just."

As he drove home he was indulging in all manner of conjectures. This stranger must, he thought, be a cast-off mistress. But the rupture must have been caused by some treachery on

her part. She might be sorry, she might still love him—or—ah, yes! that must be it—she might be defending the interests of some child that M. de Glynne had cast off when he parted from her. No doubt she had come to plead the cause of some innocent babe as well as her own; and rendered perhaps desperate by the coldness of the man she had offended—*dame!*—pardon is terribly difficult in some cases—she had tried an heroic experiment, sham or real, sham probably, perhaps both. Women are so incomprehensible! Some of them may be sincere even while they are acting a part.

Among all the explanations of the scene he had witnessed, there was nothing that suggested itself to him as fitting to be confided to his daughter; so he was somewhat embarrassed when, as he was about to enter his chamber, he saw the door of Constance's room open a little way, and heard her voice saying:—

“Well, papa, what about that lady—that poor lady at the Park?”

The question took him unprepared.

“What!” he exclaimed, to gain time, “are you not in bed yet? That is foolish! Well, my child, the lady—it was a very small matter. A relative of M. de Glynne's, an elderly person come on a visit, had an attack, a little attack of a sort of fever—”

The expression of astonishment and incredulity in Constance's great eyes as she stood there, half undressed and looking at him through the slightly-opened door, warned him that in some way he had made a blunder.

In fact Catinou, who was always on the alert for news, had found time, while Bérêto was harnessing the horse and putting him into the gig, to question the messenger. He told her the whole affair, with all the details that Janonette had subsequently given to the doctor. Of course she repeated such an interesting story to her young mistress.

It was the interest and curiosity that Constance felt to know more on the subject that had kept her awake till her father's return.

“Why should papa have tried to deceive me?” she thought, more mystified than ever when she had heard the confused statement of the doctor.

And she concluded that something mysterious, something terrible, must have taken place at the Park.

For several days after that she asked no questions, though she was dying of curiosity, and the doctor on his part kept silence. Even Catinou could find out nothing, except that M. de Glynne had gone away and that his house and servants were left to the intruder, who grew better day by day. The doctor went to see her every morning, and before long he thought her quite well enough to leave the Park without any danger to her health.

One morning M. de Glynne's victoria passed along the high-road through the village, and in it, leaning gracefully back on its cushions, was a lady, her feet resting on a handsome travelling bag.

“Mademoiselle!” cried Catinou, whose eyes nothing escaped, “come quick!”

But though Constance made all haste to reach the window, she only had a glimpse of the profile of a woman's face through a cloud of floating gauze; but she saw more distinctly a lock of bright hair, golden in the sunshine, and an elegant figure in a close-fitting jacket, the almost masculine costume of an Anglo-Parisienne.

“What a princess!” exclaimed the old servant in an ironical tone. “The shameless thing is as well as you or I. Either your papa has been very skilful with the cure, or else it was not more than a scratch.”

“She seemed very pretty,” said Constance.

An hour later, at breakfast, she ventured, carried away by her curiosity, to

ask the doctor if the sick lady was now quite well.

"Quite well," he answered, shortly. "And she is now on her way to Paris. It has been a great annoyance to somebody. It is a professional secret. I cannot tell you any more."

The extreme reserve that a sense of propriety made Dr. Vidal maintain on this subject with his daughter he did not keep up with the rest of the world. He was naturally communicative, and the secrecy about the extraordinary affair in which he had played a part would probably have stifled him if he had not found excellent reasons for sharing what he knew with M. Duranton, who, after all, was the proper person to know all that concerned the man who had bought his property. The poor pastor was overwhelmed by the thought that such scandalous things could have taken place in the house that had so long been his own.

"I will never set foot in it again—never," he cried, "and I feel remorse for having been the means of bringing such an example into our community."

"But I assure you the woman made no stay. She has gone already."

"Ah! it is not merely the woman, but the man, who, before reducing her to such an extremity of despair, first led her astray and then abandoned her."

"Listen, my good friend. If either of the two was led astray, it was not the woman. You may believe me. I had plenty of chances to study her. In the first place, she is not very young, in spite of appearances. She must be past thirty. Thanks to the artifices commonly employed by coquettes, she may seem to take five or six years from her age, but her complexion is faded under the powder and there are little wrinkles about her eyes and mouth that do not escape the eye of a doctor. And I may add that the sweetness of her expression is put on. When she speaks, or thinks any one is looking, her glance

and her smile are charming. I dare say they might become bewitching whenever she took pains—but whenever she is off her guard, her grey-blue eyes become hard under their heavy eyelids, and the expression of her mouth shows nothing fresh or genuine. I could warrant she has nothing good about her."

"You cannot know that it was always so," replied the pastor. "It may be he who has made her what she is."

"It is a fact that I know almost nothing, but I can guess a great deal. The day after her pretence of suicide—"

"Pretence!"

"Oh, I am positive of that. She only wanted to frighten him—to play her last card, otherwise the wound would not have been so insignificant. When I paid my second visit she said to me in a soft, weak voice, 'Thank you for all your kind care, monsieur. I am ashamed of myself—one ought never to lose one's self-control.' Of course I said everything I could that was prompted by pity, morality and consideration for a poor woman. I told her it was folly to want to die when she had everything that could make life happy, that the greatest gift a woman could possess was beauty—"

"For pity's sake," interrupted the pastor with some impatience, "don't repeat to me any more of that nonsense. You would have done much better to send for a priest, who would have told her much wiser things."

"That was none of my business. But I wanted to draw her on to treat me with confidence. You can't catch flies with vinegar. I was insinuating, but it was no use! She is cleverer than I am, and managed to talk very prettily and yet say nothing, with the same pretty smile on her lips, a little half-smile, coquettish, malicious, and deprecating all at once. She talks agreeably; one can see that she is clever, and that, being accustomed to turn men's heads, she cannot bear to make no impression on

any one within reach of her. Possibly, indeed, it may have been part of her plan to make a favorable impression upon me, that I might better execute a commission she confided to me. She wants me to speak to M. de Glynne. 'I have no wish,' she said, 'to expel a man from his own house—a man who thinks he cannot look at me without horror. I thought of writing to him, but none of the letters I have begun seem to satisfy me. It will be better you should tell him that I am sorry for this last step I have taken, and that he will never hear from me again.' She put her handkerchief to her eyes as she gave me this commission, and I asked her if she would not like me to remind M. de Glynne of some duty he might have omitted, either towards herself or some one she held dear. She did not seem to understand at first; then again smiling, but this time with a bitter smile, she said, 'Do you mean money? So far as that goes M. de Glynne has done all that he ought to do, and as for any child, if there were one—a child would but complete the complication. Thank heaven, I am spared that—thank God!' she repeated with a deep sigh. Well, then, I thought, the case is much less important than it might be. It is an ordinary intrigue, only the woman is more resolute and imperious than such creatures usually are. But some of them are furies. I recollect when I was a student in Paris a certain grisette, very much like this handsome lady."

"Hush, hush, Philippe—don't tell me all that!" interrupted the pastor. "People reap what they have sown, and that is justice. For my part, notwithstanding the pleasure it has been to me to meet such a man, with whom I have so many tastes in common, I shall manage to see as little as possible of him after this."

"Well, I shall not be so hard on him. I shall not break with the poor devil for a peccadillo."

"You call a woman's suicide a peccadillo?"

"Why, it was mere mockery—a thing to laugh at; and when the woman is evidently one of a kind easy to console—"

"Don't speak so loud, Philippe—I think I heard some one in the next room. I hope we have not been overheard."

Henriette, without of course intending to listen, had an especial talent for always contriving to hear what was not meant for her ears. She managed in some way to hear all in this conversation that could interest Constance, to whom she faithfully reported what her father and her uncle had said concerning the events that had occurred at the Park, and she ended by saying that she was less envious than she had been of pretty Parisian ladies who had the luck to be admired by M. de Glynne.

In the life of a young girl bred up in the country the smallest incident becomes important. Constance was not attracted, like her cousin, by a handsome face and a coat well made, but a drama such as the one that had taken place almost at her own door, and the mystery that surrounded it, excited her imagination powerfully. She kept thinking, with a persistence that surprised herself, about the pitiless, cold-hearted man who could not be moved by the prayers or the despair of a woman he had once loved, and who, since he could not drive her from his house at once, had himself scornfully quitted it.

What could she have done, poor thing, to make him so angry? And he, where was he now? Catinou, though her young mistress asked no questions, told her one morning, among other bits of gossip, that the master at the Park had come home, and this she soon found to be true, from circumstances which increased her interest in him and in his history.

(To be continued.)

ON FRIENDSHIPS.

"I never cast a true affection on a woman," says Sir Thomas Browne; "but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God."

Sir Thomas is the apostle of a creed which it is given to few to hold, and to fewer still to carry into practice. He knew his subject by heart when he wrote about friendship; and so alluring is his description that, if faith were a matter of choice, it might almost, like Paul's, persuade a heathen to adopt it. Was it because it was not of friendship in the abstract that he wrote, but of his friends, those whose sorrows he desired—with an absolutely true definition of sympathy—not to share or to participate, but to engross; whose tears helped to exhaust the current of his own sorrows; whom he loved before the nearest of his blood; whom, indeed, he loved before himself, and yet thought he did not love enough? There is a vehemence, a happy fire, in the confession of his faith, which is surely the expression of a living experience. Theories belong to the brain: it is only clothed in flesh and blood that they stir the heart. The face he loves is before him as he writes, the touch of the familiar hand is on his own. With Montesquieu he might have declared, "*Je suis amoureux de l'amitié.*"

To every man his own religion, though each may call it by the same name—to every man, too, his own definition of friendship. It is a word of many meanings, differing as widely as the creeds of the various Churches. Listen, for instance, to the teaching of Emerson on the subject. After his own fashion he also is well-qualified to pronounce upon it: he had studied friendship in all its aspects, had made his reckonings of its chances and dangers, and had with deliberate care summed up the result. But the sentiment with which he is con-

cerned has so little in common with that of Sir Thomas that it is to be questioned whether it would have met with recognition from the latter at all. The fervent simplicity of the earlier age is gone; the modern expositor of what has, in his hands, become almost a science, made up of rules and axioms, is so conscious of a thousand side-issues, of perils and pitfalls awaiting the unwary in every direction, that one sentence contradicts another, and he has no sooner committed himself to a statement than he is heedful to supply its corrective. At one moment it would indeed appear that his friends are his most precious possessions—"When a man becomes dear to me," he says, "I have touched the goal of fortune;" at another it might almost seem that he regards them as so many snares, dangerous as the visions which tempted St. Anthony. "I would have them where I can find them," he explains, likening his human associates to his books; "but I seldom use them. . . . I cannot afford to speak much with my friends, . . . to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own." To quit his lofty seeking, his search for stars, to descend to warmer sympathies, would indeed give him "a certain household joy," but only at the expense of higher things. Has he forgotten that the stars are reflected in the pools of earth, and that it is here that poor human nature oftenest finds them? At the best, too, he looks beyond the present, and envisages the uncertainty of the future, which is a feat of which no true friend, as no true lover, should be capable. "Will these too," he asks—"will these separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not, for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the genius of my life, being thus

social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whosoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be." In plain English, if not these, well, then, others, and others as good! A practical, comfortable doctrine, but one which we feel sure would have been to Sir Thomas Browne as anathema, the rankest of heresies; and which leads the way by a connection easy to trace to the final summing up, "We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not." Surely even Emerson, apostle though he be, has made in no uncertain terms his confession of failure! To calculate too carefully the effect of an affection is to risk dissolving it altogether. To feel is, in this matter, safer than to reason; and Sir Thomas's headlong assertion that, absent from his friend, he is dead till he be with him, extravagant as it may sound, was worth more than a hundred arguments. More kingdoms than that of heaven are taken by violence.

Reading between the lines, we discover alike the explanation and the justification of Emerson's creed. To him friendship, in its highest sense, remained a possibility, "a dream and fable," like the immortality of the soul, too good to be believed. He had not achieved that difficult faith.

It is a case in which unbelief is not without excuse. Menander called those fortunate who met with so much as the shadow of a friend, and the world has not grown richer in its progress through the centuries. The talent for friendship is not so common as it is assumed to be; and being, besides, a gift rather than a grace, it is an almost less hopeless task for one not specially endowed for the purpose to set himself to become a saint than to attempt to succeed in this lower branch of business.

It is often taken for granted that the contrary is the case—that a man is capable of fashioning himself into a friend, just as he can become a banker,

or a merchant, or a soldier—that he has but to choose the profession and the thing is done. Whereas, unless gifted with the requisite faculty, he might as well endeavor to make himself into a painter when he has the misfortune to be color-blind, or a musician when it has not pleased Heaven that he should possess an ear. To recognize the fact that he is not responsible for the inadequacy of his equipment, and that his failure is simply that of an unfraternal bankrupt, would be the healing of many heartburnings and the cancelling of not a few harsh sentences; but it would seem difficult to convince the world of its injustice in this matter.

Like most fallacies, this particular one has its foundation of truth. Most people, in some degree, do possess the faculty in question—they have, that is, the making of a bad friend; they can scramble through the business, but they cannot do it well. And even this is not to be altogether despised. A bad friend is better than none, and it will be well, in this world of makeshifts, where human intercourse is nothing but a system of compromise, to make sure that you can do without him before you throw him aside. To search men's histories for the record of their friendships may be a quest after failures; but they are often failures which could ill have been spared.

I love you for your few caresses,
I love you for my many tears,

is the epitome of more than one relationship by which life has nevertheless been left the richer.

That the talent, natural though it be, is susceptible of cultivation or repression, is obvious; and there are atmospheres, desirable enough in themselves, which are apt to prove fatal to its free development. In "the colony of God, the Soul," many influences contend for domination. Marcus Aurelius and Saint Louis were both models in the art

of government; yet the chances are they would have found it impossible to reign together in amity, and that an attempt at a joint sovereignty would have ended in disaster. It is well—who would deny it?—that family ties should be strong and tender, yet they are serious hindrances to the formation or preservation of a close friendship, and it is next door to a miracle if an exemplary husband and father make an equally good friend. "He was attached to his family as if he had no friends," said Whateley of Dr. Arnold; "to his friends, as if he had no family." It is a tribute which, even from an archbishop, comes near to the incredible. When Sir Thomas Browne made that ardent confession of faith it was before he had brought home Mistress Dorothy Mileham, and filled his house with the boys and girls to whom he made so admirable a father. To the fate of the fortunate unknown whom he had loved as he loved God and his soul we hold no clue; but in the marriage chimes we seem to hear the suggestion of a passing bell.

"I have lost my beloved friend of half a century," writes Landor; and again and again in his unhappy concluding years the same note of unalterable affection is sounded. Would it have been the same, one is tempted to speculate, had his hearth been less lonely and his wife and children filled their due place in his life. Again, the domestic circumstances of Lord Byron leave much to be desired, yet it is recorded of him by Moore that through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend—a testimony to which many more estimable characters could not lay claim.

The causes of failure are, however, so various that it would be unfair to dwell overmuch upon that supplied by domestic affection. There are, besides the enlarged selfishness for which that virtue is so often responsible, a hundred different influences which may serve to choke the good seed; and even when it

escapes with life it is ten to one that the cares or the pleasures of the world, or the subtle tyranny of circumstances, or even the sordid divisions created by wealth and position, will prevent it from bearing fruit in full perfection and measure.

Or, again, a friendship may contain in its very exaggeration the germ of death. That it should begin to die as soon as it is born is only to include it in the doom of mortality pronounced against all things human, and the members of a society composed of *condamnés à mort* need not be over-sensitive as to a detail of the general sentence. But upon some, more palpably than upon others, the prophecy of decay is stamped, so that even as the ship crosses the harbor-bar and sails merrily out into the blue, an observant looker-on may divine the sealed orders carried in the hold below. That such should be the case may be fair enough, and it would be rash to deny to these unreal and fantastic relationships a compensating charm to make up for what they lack in durability.

Of affairs of this particular kind Shelley's short life furnishes more examples than most. He had an indomitable faith in human nature, and perhaps in his own discerning powers, which rose triumphant over each disillusionment and was always ready to embark in a new "venture of faith." Take, for instance, his devotion, lasting over two years, to the Sussex schoolmistress, Eliza Hitchener. It is easy enough to scoff at the episode, yet it is in truth as good a subject for tears as for laughter—the chivalrous enthusiasm, doomed from the first to disaster, of the boy-poet for what was in fact the creation of his own ardent imagination; month after month of invincible and joyous confidence in his friend's superiority to the rest of mankind; constant happy interchange of thought and sympathy; and then, with the sharpness of a transformation scene, all is changed;

the "Sister of his soul" becomes "a woman of desperate vices and dreadful passions," the "brown demon" of the tormented household. "What would Hell be were such a woman in Heaven?"—thus Shelley tersely sums up the whole matter, trampling into dust, with the remorselessness of a vindictive child, his overthrown idol. A melancholy, perhaps a humiliating spectacle, and yet common enough—a caricature of hundreds of like disenchantments suffered every day in less exaggerated forms. Whether worshipper or idol finds himself hit the hardest it would be difficult to say.

Although there is something shocking—almost indeed revolting—in such a reaction from love to detestation, it is perhaps better that the end should be swift and sure, and that there should be no sentimental lingering over the business of getting the dead affection underground. If the corruptible is ever to put on incorruptibility, the process is best carried on in the grave, and the ideal once fairly destroyed, no rehabilitation of it is in any true sense possible. There is, it is true, the alternative of readjusting the relationship upon a practical basis, and converting a dream into an unetherealized reality; but though such a course has unquestionable recommendations, and to keep such a monument of human fallibility constantly in sight might serve, like the skull in the cell of the anchorite, as a wholesome corrective to pride, persons of unascetic taste may be pardoned if they prefer to dispense with it.

Shelley was, at all events, undeterred by his failure from future ventures. Not to mention his affection for Hogg, triumphantly surviving all shocks, one remembers his devotion—this time of the brain rather than of the heart—to Godwin, the cold and calculating pendant. The poet, on this occasion at least, comes well out of the affair—a

little damped in spirits, it may be, but generous and loyal to the last.

It is true that these friendships of the brain have less at stake than others, so that the shock of a collapse is less severe. It is a safer thing to lose one's head than, by giving one's heart in pledge, to stock the armory of a possible foe. A story is told of a soldier sentenced to be shot. One after another his comrades missed their aim; it was the bullet of his friend which alone found its way to his heart. "Which things are an allegory."

Those have most power to hurt us
that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their
arms.

An intellectual friendship, however close, is a different matter; and there is, besides, apt to be an unconscious unreality about it which paves the way for future disillusionment. To take one of the most notable examples of its kind—the connection, lasting over so many years, between Frederick the Great and Voltaire. Once more it is a history of disaster; but here at least there are no broken hearts, though almost everything else, in earth and heaven, is broken in the course of it—pledges, faith, promises—it would be difficult to say what not—on the part at least of the philosopher. The story is degrading enough. Yet it is only fair to remember that both prince and philosopher had a difficult part to perform. Kings are at a disadvantage in this matter, and the only wonder is that they think it worth while to play at friendship at all. "The fate that made you a king," wrote Junius, "forbade you having a friend." It is true that a careful search through history may lure them to the attempt. The story of David and Jonathan, of Alexander and Hephaestion, or, in later times, the extraordinary affection with which Marie Antoinette would seem to

have had the special power of inspiring those who surrounded her, may be cited to prove that the thing, if difficult, is not impossible; but it is, after all, only to assert that miracles are not altogether out of the question, and the ghosts of a hundred caricatures and parodies of friendships, of favorites and courtiers and flatterers, caressed for a time and then discarded, of Wolseys and Becketts, of the lamentable compounds of greed and vanity presented by such connections as united Elizabeth to those she would doubtless have termed her friends—all rise as witnesses to the exceptional character of such misleading successes.

It is fortunate that inequality of intellect, the kingship of the brain, appears to present no such bar as the lesser inequality of worldly position. Among women, for instance, few intellects rank so highly, from whatever standpoint she may be regarded, as that of St. Theresa. Yet how strong, how absolute in its equality, was the friendship—so human in spite of its spiritual character—of the old saint for the young priest, Gracian. Even now, across the centuries, the record of the affection which brightened the concluding eight years of her life stirs our sympathies more than any of her heroic virtues. Gracian was only twenty-seven when the bond was first formed; and except for the tie of a common and fervent faith, few temperaments could have been as dissimilar as those of the old woman, shrewd in spite of her sainthood, and wise with the wisdom not only of nature but of experience, strong, decided, prompt and ready in action, and of the young friar, holy indeed, and patient and gentle, but ill-adapted, in his vacillating weakness and unsuspecting candor, to make headway against the world. There are few more charming letters than those in which the old saint, lightly yet reverently, and always with a delicate cour-

tesy, points out the deficiencies in his practical equipment. "Time will take away a little of your frankness," she tells him, "which indeed I see is saintly. But as the devil objects to all being saints, those base and malicious like myself would fain remove opportunities." There is something at once curious and beautiful in the attitude—was it the instinct of motherhood asserting itself in the nun?—of the aged woman towards the young priest, whose sensitive spirit she is so heedful to shield from pain that in time of trouble she finds an excuse to send him from her. "I pray God," she says once with something of passion, "not to do me so much evil as to see you suffer." Her prayer was answered; Theresa was in her grave before the final triumph of the enemies of the man she loved so well.

We are reminded by this friendship of another. Theresa and Gracian—Hubert Languet and Phillip Sidney—there would seem at first sight little in common between them; yet in the intense and absorbing affection of the austere old Huguenot for the son of his adoption we discover some of the features so conspicuous in that of St. Theresa. Between Languet and Sidney there existed no similarity of character, no bond of nationality. Sidney was eighteen when he became acquainted with the French Huguenot,—Languet, fifty-four; yet no friendship could have been stronger or more enduring. To Sidney, indeed, it can but have constituted one out of many interests; but to the older man it was clearly the solitary element of brightness which lightened his closing years. "If any mischance befall you," he writes, oppressed by fears concerning Sidney's health, "I should be the most wretched man in the world, for there is nothing to give me the least pleasure save our friendship and the hope I have of your manhood." There is something at once beautiful and pitil-

ful in these absorbing affections of the old for the young. They tell their own tale, and are emphatically the love of the lonely. "The world grows tragically solitary as we grow old in it," writes Carlyle, and in such cases we trace the passionate endeavor to fill the void. But the basis upon which these relationships are built, uncemented as they are by blood or habit or a common past, or even by a natural fellowship in point of age, is pathetically insecure; and though in Languet's case, as in Theresa's, the experiment met with singular success, there still runs a vein of sadness, touched now and then with reproach, through the letters addressed by the former to the foreign boy on whom his heart is set.

Languet was only one of the roll-call of friends which Sidney has left behind him. In some biographies the pages which relate to friendship are marked by blots; in others, with more dignity, by erasures. In Sir Philip's life both one and the other are conspicuously absent—the only complaint we can imagine to have been preferred against him by his chosen associates was that no one of them could lay claim to his exclusive affection. He loved so many and loved them so well. But if over-popularity is a disadvantage in this special line, it is the only drawback discernible, and on his part it would seem that he had not been less fortunate. "Cherish my friends," was his dying exhortation to his brother; "their faith to me may assure you they are honest." It is true that the reasoning is not altogether convincing. Truth in one relation of life is far from being a guarantee of honesty in others, and bad men have made good friends. But in the present instance the logic would seem to have been justified, and the loyalty of his comrades only one of their virtues. There is, at any rate, no hint of mutability on either side: he seems to have infected all with whom he came into

contact with his own spirit of constancy. And—he died young.

He died young! In Sidney's case one may be justified in setting aside the misgiving which suggests itself that that fact may have had something to do with the unbroken record; but how many connections have owed their permanence to that grace of early death! Take the most favorable view, and it is still undeniable that it is easier to be faithful for a dozen years than for the natural term of a man's life; and once let a friendship receive the seal which death confers, and there is no temptation to be false. The dead, to counterbalance their obvious losses, are not without some unfair advantages of their own. "*Qui pourra enfin triompher d'un regret!*" asks Madame de Staël; and there are memories which "from the small compass of a grave" hold the field against all rivals of flesh and blood. "Those who have lost an infant," says Leigh Hunt, "are never without an infant child. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." The words may well apply to a friendship to which death has in like manner applied his tender stereotyping.

It is one of the melancholy facts, of which the recognition is forced upon one by an inquiry of the present nature, that full security for the permanence of a friendship there is none—that faith must make up its mind to lack assurance. For, judging by precedent, there would seem to be no absolute guarantee of safety. Length of time over which the connection has lasted, community of interests, mutual dependence, the tender associations of a common past—these are only so many presumptions in favor of the future; and even habit, that watch-dog of con-

stancy, is no infallible safeguard. Harriet, Lady Ashburton, who, by the staunchness of her own, should be an authority in the matter of friendships, is quoted as having given it as the result of her experience that the only lasting ties were those which existed between racing men—adding, surely with a touch of bitterness underlying the jest, that the reason might be found in the fact of each man knowing something which might hang the other.

To take the instance of the friendship between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. It, if any, might have been imagined to have passed its period of probation. Yet it was after more than twenty years of companionship, close and constant and often under the same roof, that it foundered in so notable a fashion and as it were in sight of shore. Six months longer and death would have made all safe. It was not even a case of gradual decay. Scarcely a year before the final rupture the bond would seem to have lost nothing of its force. "If I lose him," cries Mrs. Thrale, a little hysterically, "I am more than undone—friend, father, guardian, confidant;" while both were arrived at an age when friendship might have been considered safe from the dangers commonly attending it as between men and women, and sentiment, like an old dog that has lost his teeth, might have been permitted to go unmuzzled. Yet it is only necessary for an amiable foreigner with a taste for music to appear upon the scene, and for so inadequate a cause all is changed. A few months of constrained intercourse, while the old and new affection struggle for mastery, and then the final breach, rendered irreparable by the well-known letter addressed by the angry old man to the delinquent, already, as he phrases it, "ignominiously married." "I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours, Sam. Johnson," so he concludes, epitomising the past, and inexorably put-

ting the seal to the melancholy business.

One of the reflections which such an episode suggests is that to quarrel well is perhaps as important a qualification for success in friendship as any that can be named. A quarrel, it is true, is not a necessary phase of the relationship, but it is unfortunately so common a one as to approach to it; and to learn to disagree in such a fashion as to leave no seed of bitterness behind is an art which may well deserve attention. But it is not an easy one. There is a fatal veracity in passion, and truths are then betrayed which can never be retracted. "Wine invents nothing—it only tattles," is a bitter saying of Schiller's, and the same holds good of anger.

Nor is it in anger alone that the truth may be unwisely spoken. To consider one's self licensed, even by affection, to say what will wound, is to introduce into intercourse an element of fear which deprives it of much of its charm and all of its repose. "She was more polite than a duchess," says Cowper of his life-long companion; and who can say how powerful an auxiliary was that inconsiderable virtue of Mary Unwin's in retaining his allegiance unbroken.

Cowper and Mary Unwin! Against so signal an example of failure as that furnished by Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, it is well to set the affection of these two, of which the record remains a triumphant refutation of the assertion of those skeptics who would deny the possibility of such a relationship. It might seem, taking a superficial view of the story, that it was a somewhat one-sided bargain; but the poet probably knew his own business best. To supply the environment of a constant faith is to render no light service to a man of Cowper's unhappy and sensitive temperament. It is strange to how great a degree the arrows of criticism are

rendered barbless by a like defence, and amongst the responsibilities incurred by those who take upon them the office of a friend none is more important than the preservation of a confidence unblashed by the popular verdict. To be believed in is a sovereign necessity to most natures, and when a friend is found to fail in that particular he may be pronounced to have proved himself incompetent to the profession. It will never be known how much of the craving for vulgar applause which taints and vitiates men's work and conduct is due to such an infidelity, and may be, in truth, only the pathetic longing that some one unknown shall believe that applause deserved.

To those vowed, in whatever form, to the service of art, this faith of a friend is peculiarly necessary, and there are not a few who have surely been delivered by it from the melancholy levelling down of hopes, and aspirations, and aims involved in bidding for the suffrages of the crowd. To own a primary audience of one, provided that one represents the highest court to which a man is competent to make his appeal, is to simplify and enoble life to an astonishing degree. There was a celebrated actor whose custom it was to select one member of his nightly audience to whom to direct his performance, and according as he succeeded or failed in stirring the emotions of that chosen judge, so far, whatever might be the verdict of the rest of the house, he felt the representation to have been a success or failure. To many actors upon the world's stage their public, were the truth known, narrows itself to like dimensions, differing only in the selection of the audience. The saint, on a plane of his own, addresses his performance to God; in a lower, but not ignoble sphere, the appeal is made by friend to friend; while in yet another class, recruited alike from the strongest and the weak-

est of mankind, the only judge whose award is of importance is the censor who holds his court within, so that when a man pronounces his own work well done the opinion of the rest of the world goes for nothing. And even this last is better than that appeal to the gallery which others are engaged in making.

Poets would seem to have been fortunate in the matter of friends. It is true that Dr. Johnson, repeating the assertion of a painter that no professor of his art ever loved another, appears to indorse the moral to be drawn from the confession, with the wider application of it to all whom talent or life have made competitors. But history gives the calumny the lie. What tribute, for instance, could be more generous and whole-hearted than that which, paid by Cowley to his brother poet Crashaw, remains a monument for ever of the love of friend for friend?—

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth
and heav'n,
The hard and rarest union which can
be
Next that of Godhead with Humanity.

And I myself a Catholick will be,
So far at least, great saint, to pray to
thee.

And, not to dwell on more recent examples—on Wordsworth and Coleridge—Keats and Shelley—surely the affection which bound together the two great rivals of their age and country, Schiller and Goethe, would of itself be sufficient to refute the slander. In their case the slow, almost reluctant, growth of the connection is of singular interest, culminating as it did in the attachment which must have changed for each the face of the earth. The course of their friendship is well known, the unwavering loyalty of each to each, in spite of all endeavors to

sow jealousy and dissension between them, and the generous appreciation by each of the peculiar gifts of the other. "You have created a new youth for me," writes Goethe, the elder by ten years. And death coming, found the tie as strong as ever. The history of the closing scene possesses a pathos enhanced by the habitual impassibility of the survivor. When Schiller was struck down no one, we are told, ventured to communicate to the older man the news of his loss; nor did the latter, surmising from the bearing of those about him that something was wrong, dare to demand corroboration of his fears. "Schiller must be very ill," was all he said. But in the night, alone with his forebodings, the great poet, usually above all manifestations of emotion, was heard weeping. The next day he asked and obtained the truth. Of what that truth signified to him we find the summing up in a subsequent letter. "The half of my existence is gone from me," he writes. One recalls Montaigne's description of a parallel loss. "*Ce n'est que fumée,*" he says, comparing the rest of life to the four short years illuminated by the one perfect friendship he had known, "*ce n'est qu'une nuit obscure et ennuyeuse.* . . . *Il me semble d'être plus qu'à demi.*"

It is time to end. The result of the inquiry would seem to prove that on the subject of friendship it is impossible to generalize. It is a science—if a science at all—made up of exceptions, a verb of which every tense is conjugated in irregular fashion. It is impossible to say how it begins; it is even more impossible to predict the end. The note of uncertainty is one which it is useless to ignore. To observe truth is no less essential in this relation of life than in others; and to add falsehood to mutability

is but to join a crime to a misfortune.

And yet, if friendship be in truth a science of exceptions, it possesses at least this advantage—that each man may be justified in regarding as such his own case. It is this natural and saving faith in the singular character of all personal experience which sends men on their way with that happy disregard of precedent they so frequently betray. We tacitly exempt ourselves from the laws which we allow to apply to the rest of mankind, and the most common transaction of life becomes unique when touched by our own personality. Once admit the possibility of a single exception to an otherwise universal law, and there is no intrinsic reason why we should not profit by it. It is strange into what confusion the authentication of a solitary interruption of the ordinary course of nature can throw the affairs of life, and a mortal disease, once arrested, there remain no incurables amongst us. To go still further, were the translation of Enoch established to our satisfaction, there is no one but would consider himself a fit subject for a repetition of the miracle, and a death-blow would have been struck at the doctrine of an inevitable mortality. From all which it follows that, discuss the matter as we may, and let our reason be ever so much convinced, we shall embark as merrily as ever on our next venture, convinced that however it may be with the rest of the world—and it is amazing how readily we surrender its cause—our own case has nothing to do with the common experience, and that, the special favorites of heaven, we at least have lighted upon that "masterpiece of nature" which Emerson declared a true friend to be, and which he despaired of finding.

I. A. Taylor.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

The following incidents of a journey in British Central Africa may perhaps be of some interest as illustrative of the difficulties of travelling in that country in 1893, compared with what they are to-day, after five years of the energetic and wise rule of the administrator, Sir Harry Johnston.

In January of 1893 W—— and myself found ourselves camped at the south end of Lake Nyassa, after a rambling journey from Blantyre over the high plateau of Angoniland. Our tents were pitched in an ideal position, under some huge, shady trees, and close to the shore of the lake, so that we could hear the wavelets breaking on the sand, and could almost delude ourselves with the idea that we were once more on the sea coast. Hippos were disporting themselves in large numbers a little way out, and we had some good fun with them now and then. In one of these hunts my canoe was capsized about half a mile from the shore, and it was all I could do to get to land. We had with us about a hundred carriers, and as, owing to our protracted ramblings, our stock of calico and beads had run out, we were hard put to it to know how to get grain to feed this large caravan. We went out every day to shoot game for the men, but it was heart-breaking work, for the rainy season was in full swing, and the whole country was simply flooded. Most of the game had taken refuge in the hills. About the middle of January we decided to strike camp and make our way back to Blantyre, the nearest spot where we could hope to get supplies. We followed the course of the Shiri River, and after several days of weary tramping, most of the time through mud and water over our ankles, we reached Fort Johnston.

The following morning W—— was laid up with an attack of fever and could not travel. It was impossible, owing to want of food, to keep the men till he was better, so we arranged that he should go down the river in a canoe and that I should take the caravan on by land to Blantyre. The men behaved very pluckily, and, although they had been on very short commons for the last few days, I heard no grumbling, and we got along at a good pace.

The next morning as we were passing through some scattered villages, I noticed that they were all deserted, and that on every little eminence was a native, as though on the look out. I was puzzled how to account for this, called a halt for breakfast, and sent my interpreter to inquire what was going on. He soon came back with a very long face, evidently thoroughly frightened. I laughed at him and said: "Well, Tom, what's the matter, are there lions about, or what has scared you?" "No, sir," he said, "there was a big fight yesterday at the next village between the white people and the natives, and lots were killed. This is why the villages are deserted."

Directly my carriers heard this a regular panic set in. They snatched up their loads and bolted into the bush, and I had the greatest difficulty to collect them again. As soon as I had got them together I explained to them, through Tom, what had happened, and proposed that we should march straight on and endeavor to join forces with the whites. There was a general howl at that, and they all declared they would leave their loads and run away. I saw it was no use trying to induce them to go on, so we decided to leave the track and take a circuitous route

through the bush, until we had got to the south of all the villages of this tribe. There was no difficulty in starting the men, the bother was to keep them in check and together. Each man seemed to want to go his own way and as fast as he could. Tom was a great help to me, and at last we got them into regular marching order again.

It was hard work pushing our way along without a track, as the cover was terribly dense, and the leaders had to beat the long matted grass down with sticks, thus making it necessary to change those in front now and then as they got tired. We covered a good deal of ground that day, and camped towards sunset well beyond pursuit, as I thought.

As the men were thoroughly done up I told Tom to dole them out some oatmeal from my small stock, and while he was doing this stripped my clothes off and went down with only a towel to a small pool of water a few yards from the camp. No sooner had I got into the water than I heard the most fiendish yells, followed immediately by a volley from forty or fifty guns. At the same time I caught sight of all my men bolting past me like rabbits. I jumped up with the intention of making to the camp for a rifle, but saw that it was useless attempting it. The enemy were already in possession, and as they had seen me I deemed "discretion the better part of valor" and bolted across a patch of open veldt at my best pace. The bullets whistled round me, and I doubled into some tall grass, knowing full well that I could not hope to outpace them without boots or socks on. I crawled along in this tall cover, obliterating my trail as I went as well as I could by pushing up the grass behind me, and when I thought I had gone far enough lay full length on the ground to await events.

The natives seemed to have scat-

tered themselves about in the cover, whether looking for me or not I could not tell. I only knew that once or twice they came unpleasantly close, so that I expected a spear every minute, but if they did not discover my whereabouts for half an hour or so I was safe, as it was getting dusk.

As it got dark I began to realize that there was very little chance of getting into the camp again, so took my bearings by the stars, having made up my mind that I should have to get back the best way I could to Metope, on the Shiri River, which I calculated was about eighty miles off. I stopped quiet until about ten o'clock, and then could stand it no longer. The large stinging flies and mosquitoes seemed to be eating me up, so that I could not lie still. I crept back to within a short distance of the camp, whence I could hear the men talking and breaking open my cases. I was naturally loth to leave without an attempt to recover some clothing and a gun, but from the conversation I overheard they were evidently going to make a night of it, and would carry off everything in the morning. I reluctantly had to make up my mind for an eighty mile walk *in puris naturalibus* through an utterly strange country. It was not a pleasant prospect, but had to be faced if I meant to save my life. I left my cover, and crept very cautiously across the open space until I gained the bush on the opposite side. When I had walked a mile or so something darted up right in front of me and disappeared in the darkness. I thought it was some animal, and went up to the spot, where, to my surprise, I found a grass mat used by natives for sleeping in. I could tell, from the unsavory smell inseparable from such habitations, that I was close to a village, and concluded that the inhabitants had heard the firing going on in the evening, and, as is their custom, were

sleeping scattered about in the bush. Anyhow, I thought I had better take advantage of this piece of luck, so rolled up the mat and carried it with me.

I soon afterwards came to a deep creek, heavily timbered, and when I got to the other side I found I had lost my bearings altogether. By this time; as may be imagined, I was considerably bruised and knocked about, and my feet were in a bad state. I reached a piece of open ground and sat down to wait till daylight. What a night it was! A night that will live in my memory always. Jackals and hyenas were playing about in most unpleasant proximity, but, worst of all, the mosquitoes! How they did feast themselves on the many raw parts of my body! I spent part of the night in trying to make some sandals of grass to protect my feet, but had to give it up.

I was most thankful when daylight came. As soon as there was sufficient light I climbed a tree, and could see in the far distance the range of hills under which Metope lies, so lost no time in setting out. The ground was very rough and stony and my feet very painful, but go on I must. At about ten o'clock I reached a dense bed of dry reeds ten or twelve feet high and was puzzled what to do, as they seemed almost impenetrable.

I climbed a high tree and could then see that it was only about four hundred yards across, so in I went. The only way I could make any headway at all was to put the whole weight of my body against the reeds and break them down. The dried leaves cut like razors, and I several times sat down thoroughly worn out, and felt inclined to give in altogether. But after a few minutes' rest I would pluck up courage again and struggle on.

At last, after what seemed to me hours of the hardest work I ever ex-

perienced, I emerged on the other side, a most pitiful object, simply torn to pieces. A few hundred yards further on I came across a well-beaten path running at right angles to the line I was taking. After climbing a tree and taking a good look ahead over what seemed a sea of bush extending for many miles, I came to the conclusion that it was simply impossible for me to push my way any further through such a jungle, and, as the path must lead somewhere, decided to take it. The sun was then intensely hot, and, although I carried a small branch to protect my bare head from the fierce rays, I at time felt very dizzy. An hour or so later I suddenly saw about twenty natives, all carrying guns, coming along the path, and, not knowing whether they were enemies or not, was doubtful what to do, but decided that I had better put a bold face on it and try to get some information about my route. As they came close to me I hailed them, but, instead of answering, they all disappeared in the bush, and, in spite of shouting that I only wanted to talk to them, I never saw them, again. They must have thought I was some ghostly creature or other, I suppose. The going along the path seemed quite easy work compared to pushing my way through the long grass and thorn bushes, in spite of the fact that I was pretty raw all over and my feet bruised and full of thorns. I had become almost indifferent to the pain, and realized that the great thing was to keep going, for if I rested I never should be able to start again. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, to my intense relief, I reached a large village of several thousand inhabitants. In these native villages there is always a large open space or courtyard in the middle, and I walked into this one, feeling, I must say, that I did not cut at all an imposing figure. Not a soul was to be seen. The place

seemed to be deserted. After a few minutes I saw heads poking out of the different huts, and when they had taken stock of me and satisfied themselves that I was harmless, they gradually came out, and in a short time I was surrounded by hundreds of astonished natives. Picking out one who looked like a man of some importance, I explained to him what had happened. He answered that he had heard all about it, and that my men had passed through his village in the middle of the night. I went out to tell him that it was perfectly impossible for me to go on any further, and that if he would send men down to the administrator, a hammock would be sent up for me to be carried in, and his men would be well paid for their journey.

Upon hearing this, the old men got together and had a long confab, the result of which I awaited with intense anxiety. After much talking and excited gesticulations, they came to me and said they had decided to send two men to the administrator. I was delighted, and asked them to give me a dry mealie leaf and a charred stick, and with these I wrote a note to Sir Harry Johnston explaining the plight I was in. Just as these men were starting off, an old man, who had evidently been out hunting, stalked into the circle with a gun and asked what was going on. It was explained to him, and he at once said that I could not stay in his village, and that he could not send any one to Metope. My spirits went down to zero. He went on to say, being without boots and clothes, I must have travelled very slowly, and that if the people who attacked us, a mixture of the Liwonde tribe and a start gang, were following me and caught me up in his village, they would burn the whole place down.

I expostulated with him in every way I could, and told him I simply was unable to go on. He still refused to

keep me. I then threatened that if he turned me out in this way I should get the administrator to send up his soldiers to punish him. It was all to no purpose. On I must go. I really felt that I could not do it, for I was dead beat, but fifty or sixty men soon got round me and hustled me out of the village. How I did long for my rifle! If I had been armed, even though alone, they would not have dared to treat me in this way. The first mile or so was very painful, as I was weak from want of food and my feet were badly swollen; but after a time I got on fairly well, though I had given up any hopes of ever reaching Metope. Towards sunset I reached a river running very rapidly, and swollen owing to recent rains. I went up and down to look for a crossing, but found none, so jumped in to swim for it. The current was too much for me in my weak state, and I was washed back to the bank I had started from. As soon as I sat down I was seized with a bad attack of ague, brought on by the cold water after being broiled by the sun all day. Then for the first time my courage deserted me, and I had to own myself beaten. I saw a single hut not far off, and struggled to it. I went inside, and dropped down shivering with ague. The owner soon turned up, and seeing the state I was in agreed to let me stay the night. His wife gave me a little warm gruel, which was a great comfort. All that night I lay on the bare ground, more dead than alive, perished with cold and aching from head to foot. Daylight was very welcome. In the morning I asked the owner of the hut to take a note to the administrator, but he said he had no food to give me while he was away, and would go and tell his chief I was there. His wife then came in to say that some people were outside who wanted to see me. Might they come in? I was perfectly indifferent, and

said yes. Three women came in, had a good look at me, and went out again. Then three more came in; and so it went on, until quite two hundred inquisitive females had attended my levee. Later on in the morning six men turned up, and said they had been sent by the chief to carry me up to his village.

I found it difficult to move out of the hut. My feet were swollen to twice their natural size, and my legs were as though encased in plaster of Paris, as they were perfectly raw from pushing through the long grass, and had hardened in the night so that I could not bend them. When I got outside they told me to lie down, and taking the strips of calico which the natives in these parts wear round their loins, they wound them round and round me, until I felt I must have looked like an Egyptian mummy. They then got some strips of bark, tied me up tight, slung me on to a pole, and off they started at a good run, four men carrying me at a time, two at each end of the pole. I felt rather dubious as to what they were going to do with me, but can't say I took much interest in anything at that time. After what seemed to me a good long journey we reached a river. My carriers dashed in. Half the time I was under water, as they could not hold me high enough, but we got across safely. Towards mid-day we reached a large village, I was deposited on the ground, my wrappings taken off, and told that this was the chief's hut.

A venerable looking old man with a pleasant face soon came out, shook hands, and said he was very sorry to see me so ill. He also said that he had heard all about the cause of my dilemma. He pointed out a hut, and told his men to carry me into it. I was thankful to be able to lie down and rest.

In the afternoon a man came in with

some dried fish and a little porridge, which I devoured greedily, as I was very hungry. I again spent a very unpleasant night, for though I had a grass mat to cover myself with, my body had been so skinned by the sun that the irritation of the mat was more than I could stand, and I had to do without it. In the morning, when the chief came to visit me, I asked him to send two men to Metope with a letter, and he agreed to do so. I wrote a note to the administrator, and the men started off. The chief apologized for not giving me more food, and said the crops were very bad the last year and his people were starving. I asked him to send me a little meal to make poultices for my feet, as they were covered with festering wounds and very painful. But when the meal came, instead of making poultices, I ate it, as I was very hungry. So the time went on, until I had been at this village a week, and I began to fear that the men could not have reached Metope, or had perhaps been captured on the way by slave dealers. But one morning the chief came to tell me that some strangers were approaching, and I was soon shaking hands with my interpreter "Tom." His face was a picture. Poor chap, he was so delighted to find me alive still.

The administrator, having heard that I was amongst this tribe, had sent him with ten soldiers to look for me. I inquired about my men, and Tom said they had all, except five, reached Metope safely. These five were probably captured by the slavers, as they were never heard of again. He had brought me a suit of pyjamas, a helmet, an umbrella from Captain Johnston of the Sikhs, also a little coffee, a bottle of whiskey, and two ducks, which he had just shot. I had a good square meal for the first time for many a day. And what a comfort it was to get a suit of soft pyjamas

over my very tender body! I felt a different man. Early the next morning we started off, the soldiers carrying me in a "machila," and two of the chief's men going with us, so that I could send him a present for his hospitality. In the evening we reached Metope, having covered about fifty miles in the day. The excitement and the travelling brought on a bad attack of fever, so that I was rather knocked up at the end of the journey. Mr. Haw, the British agent, came to meet me and kindly found room for me in his grass hut. My men were all on the bank of the river, looking rather ashamed of themselves, and astonished to see me alive, as they had told Mr. Haw that they ran away because I had been killed. I asked eagerly for news, and heard that Sir Harry, with his Sikhs and European officers, had gone up the river to punish the Liwonde tribe, and that they expected some heavy fighting. At twelve o'clock that night the quartermaster of one of the British gunboats woke me up, and said he had just come down from the camp, twelve miles up the river, and that they were hemmed in by natives. He had been sent down by the administrator in a

canoe to get more ammunition, and as many volunteers as possible. Luckily some Soudanese soldiers belonging to an expedition commanded by Major Von Wissman were passing at the time. The following morning they were enlisted, and, together with all the Europeans, were despatched up the river in a barge to reinforce the gallant little band. As I was useless in a time like this, not being able to move off my bed, I got my carriers together, and we started off for Blantyre *via* Zomba, ten men taking it in turn to carry my machila. As soon as I reached Blantyre, Dr. Scott, of the Scotch mission, kindly took me in hand, and in a month or so my many sores healed up, and two months afterwards my feet were quite sound. As soon as W— turned up we left Blantyre, and travelled down the Shiri and Zambesi rivers in a small boat to Chinde, whence we took ship to Durban, where we arrived with nothing but the clothes we stood up in, as our goods were never recovered. I am pleased to be able to say that Sir Harry taught the Liwonde tribe a lesson which they are not likely to ever forget.

The Nineteenth Century.

Arthur Baring Koe.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

From lamp to lamp, from street to street,
He speeds with faintlier echoing feet.
A pause, a glint of light!
And, lamp by lamp, with stars he marks his round.

So Love, when least of Love we dream,
Comes in the dusk with magic gleam.
A pause, a touch—so slight!
And life with clear celestial lights is crowned.

Sunday Magazine.

Vida Briss.

MESSER CINO AND THE LIVE COAL.

I.

It is not generally known that the learned Aristotle once spent the night in a basket dangled midway betwixt attic and basement of a castle; nor that, having suffered himself to be saddled for the business, he went on all-fours ambling round the terrace-walk with a lady on his back, a lady who, it is said, plied the whip with more heartiness than humanity. But there seems no doubt of the fact. The name of the lady (she was Countess of Cyprus), the time of the escapade, which was upon the sage's return from India in the train of the triumphant Alexander—these and many other particulars are at hand. The story does not lack of detail, though it is noteworthy that Petrarch, in his "Trionfo d'Amore," decently veils the victim in a periphrasis. "*Quell'e'l gran Greco*"—there is the great Grecian, says he, and leaves you to choose between the Stagyrite, Philip of Macedon, and Theseus. The painters, however, have had no mercy upon him. I remember him in a pageant at Siena, in a straw hat, with his mouth full of grass; the lady rides him in the manly way. In pictures he is always doting, humbled to the dust or cradled in his basket, when he is not showing his paces on the lawn. By all accounts it was a bad case of green-sickness, as such late cases are. You are to understand that he refused all nourishment, took delight in no manner of books, could not be stayed by the nicest problems of physical science—such as whether the beaver does indeed catch fish with his tail, the truth concerning the eyesight of the lynxes of Bœotia, or what gave the partridge such a reputation for heedless gallantry. But it would be unprofitable to inquire into all this; Aristotle

was not the first enamoured sage in history, nor was he the last. And where he bowed his laborious front it was to be hoped that Messer Cino of Pistoja might do the like. It is of him that I am to speak. The story is of Selvaggia Vergiolesi, the beautiful romp, and of Messer Guittoncino de' Sigibaldi, that most eminent jurist, familiarly known as Cino da Pistoja in the affectionate phrasing of his native town.

Love-making was the mode in his day (which was also Dante's), but Master Cino had been all for the civil law. The Digest, the Pandects, the Institutes of Gaius and what not, had given him a bent back before his time, so that he walked among the Pistojese beauties with his eyes on the ground and his hands knotted behind his decent robe. Love might have made him fatter, yet he threw upon his arid food; he sat in an important chair in his university; he had lectured at Bologna (hive of sucking archdeacons) at Siena, at Perugia. Should he prosper, he looked to Florence for his next jump. As little as he could contrive was he for pope or emperor, black or white, Farinata or Cerchi; banishment came that road. His friend Dante was footsore with exile, halfway over Apennine by this time; Cino knew that for him also the treading was very delicate. Constitutionally he was Ghibelline, with his friend Dante, and such politics went well in Pistoja for the moment. But who could tell? The next turn of the wheel might bring the pope round; Pistoja might go black (as indeed she did, in more senses than one), and pray where would be his Assessorship of Civil Causes, where his solemn chair, where his title to doffing of caps and a chief seat at feasts? Cino, meditating these things over his morning sop and

wine, rubbed his chin sore and determined to take a wife. His family was respectable, but Ghibelline; his means were happy; his abilities known to others as well as to himself. Good! He would marry a sober Guelphish virgin, and establish a position to face both the windy quarters. It was when his negotiations to this end had reached maturity, when the contract for his espousals with the honorable lady, Madonna Magherita degli Ughi, had actually been signed, that Messer Cino of Pistoja was late for his class, got cold feet, and turned poet.

II.

It was a strange hour when Love leapt the heart of Cino, that staid jurisconsult, to send him reeling up the sunny side of the piazza heedless of his friends or his enemies. To his dying day he could not have told you how it came upon him. Being a man of slow utterance and of a mind necessarily bent towards the concrete, all he could confess to himself throughout the terrible business was, that there had been a cataclysm. He remembered the coldness of his feet; cold feet in mid-April—something like a cataclysm! As he turned it over and over in his mind a lady recurred with the persistence of a refrain in a ballad; and words, quite unaccustomed words, tripped over his tongue to meet her. What a lovely vision she had made!—“*Una donzella non con uman' volto* (a gentle lady not of human look).” Well, what next? Ah, something about “*Amor ch'ha la mia virtù tolto* (Love that has left me of my manly will).” Then should come *amore*, and of course *cuore*, and *disiò*, and *anch' io!* This was very new; it was also very strange what a fascination he found in his phrenetic exercises. Rhyme, now: he had called it often enough a jingle of endings; it were more true to say that it was a jingle of

mendings, for it certainly soothed him. He was making a goddess in his own image; poetry—Santa Cecilia! he was a poet, like his friend Dante, like that supercilious young tomb-walker Guido Cavalcanti. A poet he undoubtedly became; and if his feet were cold his heart was on fire.

What happened was this, so far as I am informed. At the north angle of the church of San Giovanni fuori Civitas there is a narrow lane, so dark that at very noon no sunlight comes in but upon blue bars of dust slanting overhead. This lay upon Cino's daily beat from his lodgings to the Podestà;¹ and here it was that he met Selvaggia Vergiolesi.

She was one of three young girls walking hand in hand up the alley on their way from early Mass, the tallest where all were tall, and, as it seemed to him when he dreamed of it, astonishingly beautiful. Though they were very young, they were ladies of rank; their heads were high and crowned, their gowns of figured brocade; they had chains round their necks, and each a jewel on her forehead; by chains also swung their little mass-books in silver covers. Cino knew them well enough by sight. Their names were Selvaggia di Filippo Vergiolesi, Guglielmotta Aspramonte, Nicoletta della Torre. So at least he had always believed; but now, but now! A beam of gold dust shot down upon the central head. This was Aglala, fairest of the three Graces; and the other two were Euphrosyne and Thalia, her handmaids. Thus it struck Cino, heart and head, at this sublime moment of his drab-colored life.

Selvaggia's hair was brown, gold-shot of its own virtue. In and out of it was threaded a fine gold chain; behind, it was of course plaited in a long twist, plaited and bound up in cloth of gold till it looked as hard as a bull's tail. Her dress was all of formal brocade,

¹ So the Pistojese described at once their government and the seat of it.

green and white, to her feet. It was cut square at the neck; and from that square her throat, dazzlingly white, shot up as stiff as a stalk which should find in her face its delicate flower. She was not very rosy, save about the lips; her eyes were grey, inclined to be green, the lashes black. As for her shape, sumptuous as her dress was, stiff and straight and severe, I ask you to believe that she had grace to fill it with life, to move at ease in it, to press it into soft and rounded lines. Her linked companions also were beauties of their day—that sleek and sleepy Nicoletta, that ruddy Guglielmotta; but they seemed to cower in their rigid clothes, and they were as nothing to Cino.

The lane was so narrow that only three could pass abreast; it was abreast these three were coming, as Cino saw. On a sudden his heart began to knock at his ribs; that was when the light fell aslant upon the maid. He could no more have taken his eyes off Selvaggia than he could have climbed up the dusty wall to avoid her. Lo, here is one stronger than I! At the next moment the three young rogues were about him, their knitted hands a fence—but the eyes of Selvaggia! Terrible twin-fires, he thought, such as men light in the desert to scare the beasts away while they sleep, or (as he afterwards improved it for his need) like the flaming sword of the Archangel, which declared and yet forbade Eden to Adam and his wife.

Selvaggia, in truth, though she had fourteen years behind her, was a romp when no one was looking. There were three brothers at home but no mother; she was half a boy for all her straight gown. To embarrass this demure professor, to presume upon her sex while discarding it, was a great joke after a tediously droned mass at San Jacopo. Nicoletta would have made room; even the hardier Guglielmotta drew back; but that wicked Selvaggia pinched their

fingers so that they could not escape. All this time Messer Cino had his eyes rooted in Selvaggia's, reading her as if she were a portent. She endured very well what she took to be the vacancy of confusion in a shy recluse.

"Well, Messer Cino, what will you do?" said she, bubbling with mischief.

"Oh, Madonna, can you ask?" he replied, and clasped his hands.

"But you see that I do ask."

"I would stop here all the day if I might," said Messer Cino with a look by no means vacant. Whereupon she let him through that minute and ran away blushing. More than once or twice she encountered him there, but she never tried to pen him back again.

Little Monna Selvaggia learned that you cannot always put out the fire which you have kindled. The fire set blazing by those lit green swords of hers was, in the heart of an Assessor of Civil Causes, a brazier with only too good a draught. For love in love-learned Tuscany was then a roaring wind; it came rhythmically and set the glowing mass beating like the sestett of a sonnet. One lived in numbers in those days; numbers always came. You sonneteered upon the battle-field, in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar. Throughout the moil of his day's work at the Podestà those clinging long words, in themselves inspiration, *disio, piacere, vaghezza, gentilezza, diletto, affetto*, beautiful twins that go ever embraced, wailed in poor Cino's ears, and insensibly shaped themselves coherent. He thought they were like mirrors, so placed that each gave a look of Selvaggia. Before the end of the day he had the whole of her in a sonnet which, if it were as good as it was comfortable, should needs (he thought) be excellent. The thrill which marked achievement sent the blood to his head; this time he glорied in cold feet. He wrote his sonnet out fair upon vellum in a hand no scribe at the Papal Court

could have bettered, rolled it, tied it with green and white silk (her colors, colors of the hawthorn hedge!), and went out into the streets at the falling-in of the day to deliver it.

The Palazzo Vergiolesi lay over by the church of San Francesco al Prato, just where the Via San Prospero debouches into that green place. Like all Tuscan palaces it was more fortress than house, a dark square box of masonry with a machicolated lid, and separate from it, but appurtenant, a most grim tower with a slit or two half way up for all its windows. Here, under the great escutcheon of the Vergiolesi, Cino delivered his missive. The porter took it with a bow so gracious that the poet was bold to ask whether the Lady Selvaggia was actually within. "Yes, surely, Messere," said the man, "and moreover in the kitchen with the cookmaids. For there is a cake-making on hand, and she is never far away from that business." Cino was ravished by this instance of divine humiliation: so might Apollo have bowed in the house of Admetus, so Israel have kept swine for Rachel's sake. He walked away in most exalted mood, his feet no longer cold. This was a great day for him, when he could see a new heaven and a new earth. "Now I too have been in Arcady!" he thought to himself with tears in his eyes. "I will send a copy of my sonnet to Dante Alighieri by a sure hand. He should be at Bologna by this." And he did.

Madonna Selvaggia, her sleeves rolled up, a great bib all about her pretty person, and her mouth in a fine mess of sugar and crumbs, received her tribute sitting on the long kitchen-table. It should have touched, it might have tickled, but it simply confused her. The maids peeped over her shoulder as she read, in ecstasy that Madonna should have a lover and a poet of her own. Selvaggia filched another handful of sugar and crumbs, and twiddled

her sonnet while she wondered what on earth she should do with it. Her fine brows met each other over the puzzle, so clearly case for a confidence. Gianbattista, her youngest brother, was her bosom-friend; but he was away, she knew, riding to Pisa with their father. Next to him ranked Nicoletta; she would be at Mass to-morrow—that would do. Meantime the cook produced a most triumphal cake hot and hot, and the transports of poor Messer Cino were forgotten.

Dante's reply to his copy was so characteristic that I must anticipate a little to speak of it. He confined himself almost entirely to technicalities, strongly objecting to the sestett with its three rhymes in the middle, upon which Cino had prided himself in no small degree. The only thing he seemed to care for was the tenth line, "*A dolce morte sotto dolce inganno*," which you may render, if you like, "To a sweet death under so sweet deceit;" but he said there were too many o's in it. "As to the subject of your poem," he wrote in a postscript, "love is a thing of so terrible a nature that not lightly is it to be entered, since it cannot be lightly left; and, seeing the latter affair is much out of a man's power, he should be wary with the former, wherein at present he would appear to have some discretion, though not very much." This was chilly comfort; but by the time it reached him Cino was beyond the assault of chills.

Equally interesting should it be to record the conversation of Monna Selvaggia with her discreet friend Nicoletta; yet I cannot record everything. Nicoletta had a lover of her own, a most proper poet who had got far beyond the mere accidence of the science where Cino was fumbling now; you might say that he was at theory. Nicoletta, moreover, was sixteen years old, a marriageable age, an age, indeed, at which not to have a lover would have been a disgrace. She had had sonnets and can-

zioni addressed to her since she was twelve; but then she had two elder sisters and only one brother—a monk! This made a vast difference. The upshot was that when Cino met the two ladies at the charmed spot of yesterday's encounter he uncovered before them and stood with folded hands, as if at his prayers. Consequently he missed the very pretty air of consciousness with which Selvaggia passed him by, the heightened color of her, the lowered eyes and restless fingers. Also he missed Nicoletta's demure shot askance, demure but critical, as became an expert. A sonnet and a bunch of red anemones went to the Palazzo Vergiolesi that evening; thenceforth it rained sonnets till poor little Selvaggia ran near losing her five wits. It rained sonnets, I say, until the Cancellieri brought out the black Guelphs in a swarm. Then it rained blood, and the Vergiolesi fled one cloudy night to Piteccchio, their stronghold in the Apennine. For Messer Cino, it behooved him also to advise seriously about his position. To sonnetteer is very well, but a lover, to say nothing of a jurisconsult, must live; he cannot have his throat cut if there is a way out.

There was a very simple way out, which he took. He went down to Lucca in the plain and married his Margherita degli Ughi. With her Guelph connections he felt himself safer. He bestowed his wife in the keeping of her people for the time, bought himself a horse, and rode up to Piteccchio among the green maize, the olive-yards, and sprouting vines, to claim asylum from Filippo, and to see once more the beautiful young Selvaggia.

III.

There is hardly a sonnet, there are certainly neither *ballate*, *canzoni*, nor *capitoli* which do not contain some ref-

erence to Monna Selvaggia's fine eyes, and always to the same tune. They scorch him, they beacon him, they flash out upon him in the dark so that he falls prone as Saul (who got up with a new name and an honorable addition); they are lodestones, swords, lamps, torches, fires, fixed and ambulatory stars, the sun, the moon, candles. They hold lurking a thief to prey upon the vitals of Cino; they are traitors, cruel lances; they kill him by stabbing day after day. You can picture the high-spirited young lady from his book—her noble bearing, her proud head, her unflinching regard, again the sparks in her grey-green eyes, and so on. He plays upon her *forte nome*, her dreadful name of Selvaggia; so he comes to be Ferezza itself. "*Santo è altiera*," he says, so haughtily she goes that love sets him shaking; but kind or cruel, it is all one to the enamoured Master Cino; for even if she "*un pochettin sorride*" ("light him a little smile"), it melts him as sun melts snow. In any case, therefore, he must go, like Dante's cranes, trailing his woes. It appears that she had very little mercy upon him, for all that in one place he records that she was "of all sweet sport and solace amorous;" in many more than one he complains of her bringing him to "death and derision," of her being in a royal rage with her poet. At last he cries out for Pity to become incarnate and vest his lady in her own robe. It may be that he loved his misery; he is always on the point of dying, but like the swan he was careful to set it to music first. Selvaggia, in fact, laughed at him (he turned once to call her a Jew for it) egged on as she was by her brother and her own vivacious habit. She had no Nicoletta at Piteccchio, no mother anywhere, and a scheming father too busy to be anything but shrugging towards poets. She accepted his rhymes (she would probably have been scared if they ceased), his ser-

vices, his lowered looks, his bent knee; and then she tripped away with an arm round Gianbattista's neck to laugh at all these honorable attentions. As for Cino, Selvaggia was become his religion, and his rhyming her reasonable service. His goddess may have been as thirsty as the Scythian Artemis; may be that she asked blood and stripes of her devotees. All this may well be; for, by the Lord, did she not have them?

Ridolfo and Ugolino Vergiolesi, the two elder brothers of Selvaggia, had stayed behind in Pistoja to share the fighting in the streets. They had plenty of it, given and received. Ridolfo had his head cut open, Ugolino went near to losing his sword arm; but in spite of these heroic sufferances the detested Cancellieri became masters of the city, and the chequer-board flag floated over the Podestà. Pistoja was now no place for a Ghibelline. So the two young men rode up to the hill-fortress, battered, but in high spirits. Selvaggia flew down the cypress-walk to meet them; they were brought in like wounded heroes. That was a bad day's work for Messer Cino the amorist; Apollo and the Muses limped in rags and Mars was the only God worth thinking about, except on Sundays.

Ridolfo, with his broken head-piece, was a bluff youth, broad shouldered, square-jawed, a great eater, grimly silent for the most part. Ugolino had a trenchant humor of the Italian sort. What this may be is best exampled by our harlequinades in which very much of Boccaccio's bent still survives. You must have a man drubbed if you want to laugh, and do your rogueries with a pleasant grin if you are inclined to heroism. Ridolfo, reading Selvaggia's sheaf of rhymes that night, was for running Master Cino through the body, jurist or no jurist; but Ugolino saw his way to a jest of the most excellent quality, and prevailed. He was much struck by the poet's pre-occupation

with his sister's eyes. "Candles, are they," he chuckled, "torches, fires, suns, moons and stars? You seem to have scorched this rhymester, Vaggia."

"He has frequently told me so, indeed," said Selvaggia.

"It reminds me of Messer San Giovanni Vangelista," Ugolino continued, "who was made to sing rarely by the touching of a hot cinder."

Selvaggia snatched the scrolls out of her brother's hand. "Nay, nay, but wait," she cried with a gulp of laughter; "I have done that to Messer Cino, or can if I choose." She turned over the delicate pen-work in a hurry. "Here," she said, eagerly, "read this!"

Ugolino scampered through a couple of quatrains. "There's nothing out of common here," said he.

"Go on, go on," said the girl, and nudged him to attend. Ugolino read the sestett:—

"His book is but the vesture of her spirit;
So, too, thy poet, that feels the living coal
Flame on his lips and leap to song,
To whom the glory, whose the unending merit."

Reading, he became absorbed in this fantastic, but not un handsome piece; even Selvaggia pondered it with wide eyes and lips half parted. It was certainly very wonderful that a man could say such things, she thought. Were they true? Could they be true of anyone in the world—even of Beatrice Portinari, that wonderful dead lady? She had never, she remembered, shown this particular sonnet to Nicoletta. What would Nicoletta have said? Pooh, what nonsense it was, what arrant nonsense in a man who could carry a sword if he chose, and kill his enemies, or, better still, with his head outwit them—that he should turn to pens and ink and to mystifying a poor girl! So Selvaggia, not so Ugolino. He got

up and whispered to the scowling Ridolfo; Ridolfo nodded, and the pair of them went off presently together.

Oblique looks on Cino were the immediate outcome. He knew the young men disliked him, but cared little for that so long as they left him free to his devotions. A brisk little passage, a rally of words, with a bite in some of them, should have warned him; but no, the stage he had reached was out of range of the longest shots.

Said Ugolina at supper: "Messer Giurisconsulto, will you have a red pepper?"

"Thank you, Messere," replied Cino, "it is over hot for my tongue."

The huge Ridolfo threw his head back to laugh. "Does a burned man dread the fire, or is he only to be fired one way? Why, man alive, my sister has set a flaming coal to your lips, and I am told you burst out singing instead of singing."

Cino colored at this lunge; yet his respect for the lady of his mind was such that he could not evade it. "You take the language of metaphor, Messere," said he rather stiffly, "to serve your occasions. You are of course within your rights. However, I will beg leave to be excused the red pepper of Messer Ugolino."

"You prefer coals?" cried Ugolino, starting up. "Good! you shall have them."

That was all; but the malign smile upon the dark youth's face gave a ring to the words, and an omen.

Late that night Cino was in his chamber writing a *ballata*. His little oil-lamp was by his side; the words flowed freely from his pen; tears, hot and honest, were in his eyes, as he felt rather than thought his exquisite griefs. Despised and rejected of men was he—and why? For the love of a beautiful lady. Eh, Mother of God, but that was worth the pain! She had barely lifted her eyes upon him all that day, and while

her brothers gibed had been at no concern to keep straight her scornful lip. Patience, he was learning his craft! The words flowed like blood from a vein.

Love struck me in the side,
And from the wound my soul took
wing and flew
To Heaven, and all my pride
Fell, and I knew
There was no balm could stay that
wound so wide.

At this moment came a rapping at his door. He went to open it, dreaming no harm. There stood Ridolfo and Ugolino with swords in their right hands; in his left Ugolino carried a brazier.

"Gentlemen," said Cino, "what is the meaning of this? Will you break in upon the repose of your father's guest? And do you come armed against an unarmed man?"

The pair of them, however, came into the room, and Ridolfo locked the door behind him. "Look you, Cino," said he, "our father's guests are not our guests, for our way is to choose our own. There is a vast difference between us, and it lies in this, that you and the like of you are word-mongers, phrasers, heart-strokers; whereas we, Master Cino, are, in Scripture language, doers of the word, rounding our phrases with iron and putting in full-stops with the point, when they are needed. And we do not stroke girls' hearts, Cino, but as often as not break men's heads."

Cino, for all his dismay, could not forbear a glance at the speaker's own damaged pate. "And after all, Messer Ridolfo, in that you do but as you are done by, and who will blame you?"

"Hark'ee, Master Giurista," broke in Ugolino, "we have come to prove some of these fine words of yours. It will be well for you to answer questions instead of bandying them. Now did you, or did you not report that my sister Selvaggia touched your lips with a coal and set you off singing?"

Cino, with folded arms, bent his head in assent: "I have said it, Messere."

"Good! Now, such singing, though it is not to her taste, might be very much to ours. In fact, we have come to hear it, and that you might be robbed of all excuse we have brought the key with us. Brother, pray blow up the brazier."

Ridolfo, with his great cheeks like bladders, blew the coals to a white heat. "Now, then," he said, grinning to Ugolino, "now then, the concert may begin."

Cino, who by this had seen what was in the wind, saw also what his course must be. Whatever happened he could not allow a poet to be made ridiculous. It was ridiculous to struggle with two armed men, and unseemly; but suffering was never ridiculous. Patience, therefore! He anticipated the burly Ridolfo who, having done his bellows-work, was now about to pin his victim from behind. "Pray do not give yourself the pain to hold me, Messere," said he; "I am not the man to deny you your amusement. Do what you will, I shall not budge from here."

He stood where he was with his arms crossed, and he kept his word. The red cinder hissed upon his lips; he shut his eyes, he ground his teeth together, the sweat beaded his forehead and glistened in his hair. Once he reeled over, and would have fallen if Ridolfo had not been there to catch him; but he did not sing the tune they had expected, and presently they let him alone. So much for Italian humor, which, you will see, does not lack flavor. It was only the insensate obtuseness of the gull which prevented Ugolino dying of laughter. Ridolfo was annoyed. "Give me cold iron to play with another time," he growled; "I am sick of your monkey-tricks." This hurt Ugolino a good deal, for it made him feel a fool.

Will it be believed that the infatuate Master Cino spent the rest of the night in a rapture of poetry? It was not voiced poetry, could never have been

written down; rather, it was a torrent of feeling upon which he floated out to heaven, in which he bathed. It thrilled through every fibre of his body till he felt the wings of his soul fluttering madly to be free. This was the very ecstasy of love, to suffer the extreme torment for the beloved! Ah, he was smitten deep enough at last; if poetry were to be won through bloody sweat, the pains of the rack, the crawling anguish of the fire, was not poetry his own? Yes, indeed; what Dante had gained through exile and the death of Monna Beatrice was his for another price, the price of his own blood. He forgot the physical agony of his scorched mouth, forgot the insult, forgot everything but this ineffable achievement, this desperate essay, this triumph, this anointing. Cino, Cino, martyr for Love! Hail, Cino, crowned with thy pain! He could have held up his bleeding heart and worshipped it. Surely this was the greatest hour of his life.

Before he left Pitecchio, and that was before the dawn came upon it, he wrote this letter to his mistress:—

To his unending Lady, the image of all lovely delight, the Lady Selvaggia, Cino the poet, martyr for love, wisheth health and honor with kissing of feet. Madonna, if sin it be to lift over high the eyes, I have sinned very grievously; and if to have great joy be assurance of forgiveness, then am I twice absolved. Such bliss as I have had in the contemplation of your excellence cometh not to many men, yet that which has befallen me this night (concerning which your honorable brothers shall inform you if you ask them)—this indeed is to be blessed of love so high, so rarely, that it were hard to believe myself the recipient, but for certain bodily testimony which, I doubt not, I shall carry about me to my last hour. I leave this house within a little while and go to the hermitage by Santa Marella Pistoiese, there to pray Almighty God to make me worthy of my dignities, and to contemplate the divine image of you wherewith my heart is

sealed. So fare you well!—The most abject of your slaves, Cino.

His reason for giving the name of his new refuge was an honorable one, and would appeal to a duellist. His flight, though necessary, should be robbed of all appearance of flight; if they wanted him they could find him. Other results it had—results which he could never have anticipated, and which to have foreseen would have made him choose any other form of disgrace. But this was out of the question; nothing known to Cino or his philosophy could have told him the future of his conduct. He placed his letter in an infallible place and left Pitecchio just as the western sky was throbbing with warm light.

For the present I leave him on his way.

IV.

The third act of the comedy should open on Selvaggia in her bed reading the letter. Beautiful as she may have looked, flushed and loose-haired, at that time, it is better to leave her alone with her puzzle, and choose rather the hour of her enlightenment. Ridolfo and Ugolino were booted and spurred, their hooded hawks were on their wrists when she got speech of them. They were not by this time very willing witnesses in a cause which now seemed to tell against themselves. Selvaggia's cheeks burned as with poor Cino's live coal when she could piece together all the shameful truth; tears brimmed at her eyes, and these, too, were scalding hot. Selvaggia, you must understand, was a very good girl, her only sin being none of her accomplishment; she was a child who looked like a young woman. Certainly she could not help that, though all the practice of her race were against her. She had never sought love, never felt to need it, nor cared to harbor it when it came. Love knocked at her heart, asking an entry; her heart

was not an inn, she thought—let the wayfarer go on. But the knocking had continued till her ears had grown to be soothed by the gentle sound; and now it had stopped for ever, and, Pitiful Mother, for what good reason? Oh, the thing was horrible, shameful, unutterable! She was crying with rage; but as that spent itself a great warm flood of genuine sorrow tided over her, floated her away; she cried as though her heart was breaking; and now she cried for pity, and at last she cried for very love. A pale ethereal Cino, finger on lip, rose before her; a halo burned about his head; he seemed a saint, he should be hers! Ugolino and Ridolfo, helpless and ashamed before her outburst, went out bickering to their sport; and Selvaggia, wild as her name, untaught, with none to tutor her, dared her utmost,—dared, poor girl, beyond her strength.

Late in the afternoon of that day Cino, in the oratory of his hermitage getting what comfort he could out of an angular Madonna frescoed there, heard a light step brush the threshold. The sun, already far gone in the west, cast on the white wall a shadow whose sight set his head spinning. He turned hastily round. There at the door stood Selvaggia in a crimson cloak; for the rest, a picture of the Tragic Muse, so woebegone, so white, so ringed with dark she was.

Cino, on his feet, muttered a prayer to himself. He covered his scarred mouth, but not before the girl had caught sight of it. She set to wringing her hands, and began a low wailing cry. "Ah, terrible! ah, terrible! That I should have done it to one who was always so gentle with me and so patient! Oh, Cino,"—and she held out her hands towards him—"Oh, Cino, will you not forgive me? Will you not? I, only, did it; it was through me that they knew what you had said. Shameful girl that I am!" She covered her

face and stood sobbing before him. But confronted with this toppled Madonna Cino was speechless, wholly unprepared by jurisprudence or the less exact science of love for such a pass. As he knew himself, he could have written eloquently and done justice to the piercing theme; but love, as he and his fellows understood it, had no spoken language. I do not see, however, that Selvaggia is to be blamed for being ignorant of this.

Yet he had to say something, since there stood the weeping girl, all abandoned to her trouble. "I beseech you, Madonna,"—he was beginning, when she suddenly bared her face, her woe, and her beauty to his astonished eyes, looking passionately at him in a way which even he could not misinterpret.

"Cino," she said brokenly, "I am a wilful girl, but not wicked, ah, no, not hard-hearted. I think I did not understand you; I heard, but did not hear; it was wantonness, not evil in me, Cino. You have never wearied of telling me your devotion; is it too late to be thankful? Now I am come to tell you what I should have said long before, that I am grateful, proud of such love, that I receive it, if still I may, that,—that,"—her voice fell to a thrilled whisper—"that I love you, Cino." Ah, but she had no more courage; she hid her blushes in her hands and felt that now she should by rights sink into the earth.

Judge you, who know the theory of the matter, if this were terrible hearing for Messer Cino. Terrible? It was unprecedented hearing; it was a thing which, so far as he knew, had never happened to a lover before. That love should go smooth, the lady smile, the lady love, the lady woo! Monstrous! the lady was never kind. Where was anguish? Where martyrdom? Where poetry and sore eyes? Yet stay, was not such a thing in itself a torment, to be cut off your martyrdom?

Cino gasped for breath. "You love me, Madonna?" he said. "You love me?" Selvaggia nodded her head in her hands; she felt that she was blushing all over her body. Cino at this new stab struck his forehead a resounding smack. "This is terrible indeed!" he cried out in his distress; whereupon Selvaggia forgot to be ashamed any more, she was so taken by surprise. "What do you mean, Cino?" she began to falter. "I don't understand you."

Cino plunged into the icy pool of explanation, and splashed there at large. "I mean, I mean"—he waved his hands in the air—"it is most difficult to explain. We must apprehend Love aright, —if we can. He is a grim and dreadful lord, it appears, working out the salvation of the souls of poets, and other men, by great sufferings. There is no other way, as the books teach us. Such love is always towards ladies; the suffering is from them, the love for them. They deal the darts, and receive the more devotion. It is not otherwise—could not be—there can be no poetry without pain, and how can there be pain if the lady loves the poet? Ah, no, it is impossible! Anciently, very long ago, in the times of Troy, may be, it was different. I know not what to say, —I had never expected, never looked, nor even asked,—ah, Madonna," he suddenly cried, and found himself upon his knees, "what am I to say to you for this speech of yours?"

Selvaggia, white enough now, frozen hard. "Do you mean," she said slowly, in words that fell one by one like cuts from a deliberate whip, "do you mean that you do not love me, Messer Cino, after all?"

"You are a light to my eyes and a lantern to my feet," Cino murmured; but she did not seem to hear. "Do you mean," she went on, "that you are not prepared to be,—to be my,—my betrothed?"

It was done; now let the heavens

fall! She could not ask the man to marry her, but it came to the same thing; she had practically committed that unpardonable sin; she had approached love to wedlock, a mystery to a bargain, the rapt converse of souls in heaven to a wrangle over the heel-taps in a tavern parlor. She was a heretic whom any court of love must excommunicate. The thing was so serious that it brought Cino to his feet, severe, formal, an assessor of civil causes. He spread out his hands as if to wave aside words he should never have heard. He had found his tongue, for he was now contemplating the abstract. "Be very sure, most sacred lady," said he, "that no bodily torment could drive me to such sacrilege as your noble humility led you to contemplate. No indeed! Wretchedly unworthy as I am to live in the light of your eyes, I am not yet fallen so far. There are yet seeds of grace within me,—of your planting, Madonna, of your planting!" She paid no heed to his compliments; her eyes were fixed. On he hurried. "So far, indeed, as those worldly concerns go, whereof you hint, I am provided for. My wife is at Lucca in her father's house,—out of such things it is not fitting we should speak. Rather we should reason together of the high philosophy of love, which—"

But Selvaggia was gone before he could invite her on such a lofty flight; the wife at Lucca sent her fleeing down the mossy slopes like a hare. It was too dark for men to see her face when she tiptoed into Pitecchio and slipped up to her chamber. Safe at last there, she shivered and drowsed the night away; but waking or sleeping she did not cease her dreary moan.

Cino, after a night of consternation, could endure the hermitage no more; the problem, he was free to confess, beat him. Next day, therefore, he took horse and rode over the mountains to

Bologna, intent upon finding Dante there; but Dante had gone to Verona with half of his "Inferno" in his saddlebag. Thither Cino pursued, and there found him in the church of St. Helen, disputing with the doctors upon the question of the Land and the Water. What passed between the great poet and the less I cannot certainly report, nor is it material. I think that the tinge of philosophy set here and there in Cino's verses, to say nothing of a couplet or two which give more than a hint of the "Vita Nova," may safely be ascribed to that time. I know at least that he did not cease to love his beautiful and wild Selvaggia, so far as he understood that delicate state of the soul which she, perverse child, had so signally misapprehended. The truth may well be that he was tolerably happy at Verona, able to contemplate at his ease the divine image of his lady without any interference from the disturbing original. He was, it is said, meditating an ambitious work, the history of the Roman polity from Numa to Justinian, an epic in five and twenty books, wherein Selvaggia would have played a fine part, that of the Genius of Natural Law. The scheme might have ripened but for one small circumstance; this was the death of Selvaggia.

That healthy, laughing girl, Genius of Nature or not, paid the penalty of her incurable childishness in catching a malaria, whereof she died, as it is said, in a high delirium of some eight hours. So it seems that she was really unteachable, for first she had spoiled Cino's martyrdom, and next, by the same token, robbed the world of an epic in twenty-five books. Cino heard of it some time afterwards, and in due season was shown her tomb at Monte della Sambuca high on the Apennine, a grey stone solitary in a grey waste of shale. There he pondered the silence of which, while she was so

strangely ignorant, he had now become an adept; there, or thereabouts, he composed the most beautiful of all his rhymes, the *canzone* which may stand for an elegy of the Lady Selvaggia.

Ay me, alas! the beautiful bright hair,—

Ay, me, indeed! And thus he ends:—

Ay me, sharp Death! till what I ask is done

And my whole life is ended utterly,—

Answer,—must I weep on

Even thus, and never cease to moan
*ay me!*²

He might well ask. It should be ac-

Macmillan's Magazine.

corded him that he was worthy of the occasion; the poem is very fine. But I think the good man did well enough after this; I know that if he was sad he was most melodiously sad. He threw, he became a professor, his wife bore him five children. His native city has done him what honor she could, ousted his surname in favor of her own, set up a pompous monument in the cathedral church (where little Selvaggia heard her dull mass), and dubbed him once and for all *L'amoroso Messer Cino da Pistoja*. That should suffice him. As for the young Selvaggia, I suppose her bones are dust of the Apennine.

Maurice Hewlett.

TRACES OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN PALESTINE.

Few things strike the traveller more forcibly, on a first visit to the Holy Land, than the evidences which abound on every side that that wonderful little country has had a history of its own since Bible times.

We are very much accustomed to think of Palestine only, or chiefly, in connection with the Bible; perhaps to pore over maps in which the familiar Scripture names appear, marked with tolerable certainty. It is easy and natural that we should lose sight altogether of the eighteen centuries and a half which have rolled over the Holy Land, like every other land, since the latest New Testament times.

When St. Paul visited Judea for the last time Jerusalem was still standing in all its glory, though the dark clouds of coming doom lowered heavily over it. Of course we do not expect to find it so to-day; but we are apt to forget how many strange vicissitudes it has passed through in the meantime.

When, however, the traveller lands

² The translation is Rossetti's.

at Jaffa, and begins his journey inland, and still more when he follows the rough tracks that serve for roads among the villages of the "hill country," it is brought home to his mind, with an almost disagreeable force of repetition, that the ages which have changed Ancient Britain into Modern England have likewise, as might have been expected, left their mark upon the Holy Land.

It is true that the East is "unchanging" as compared with the West. In spite of the railway which now connects Jaffa with Jerusalem; in spite of modern hotels at both places, which have sprung up to meet the requirements of modern "pilgrims" from Europe and America; in spite of tourist agencies and English and German schools and hospitals, and Latin convents and Russian hospices—many things go on in Palestine to-day as they did in the time of the apostles, and, for that matter, of the prophets, and even the patriarchs. You may still see the

peasant following his light Eastern plough in the Plain of Sharon, clad in the striped flowing *abba* of his forefathers; and his team is quite likely to be a camel and an ass, "unequally yoked together." The shepherd still *leads* his flock to pasture, and often carries just such a sling as that with which David felled Goliath to the earth. Women still grind the corn for the "daily bread" of their households, and carry water on their heads from the village well. In fact, countless habits and customs remain to throw light upon the language and narratives of the Bible.

Moreover, a great many places keep their old Bible names, or have returned to them, by preference, for the Roman ones foisted upon them for a time. We have *Beit-lahm* (Bethlehem), *Er-Rām* (Ramah), and so on; to say nothing of those places which recall the names of characters famous in Scripture history, such as *Neby Samwil* (Mizpah, associated with the "Prophet Samuel"), *El'Azariyeh* (Bethany, the scene of the raising of Lazarus to life), and *El-Khulil* (Hebron, the burial-place of Abraham, "the friend of God").

Then, as regards the inhabitants, there are, perhaps, as many Jews in Jerusalem now as there were in the time of Nehemiah; and there seems to be little room for doubt that the *fellahin* of the villages (nominally Mohammedans as a rule, but practically heathen) are not "Arabs," as they are popularly called, but direct descendants of the ancient Canaanites, who were never thoroughly exterminated or expelled by the Hebrew invaders.

Still, notwithstanding all such links with the remote past—the period which is covered by the Bible history—the traces of the nearer past are, perhaps, even more striking, because less expected. It is natural that the tide-marks of this long intervening period

should appear; but the visitor is hardly prepared to meet with them in such profusion.

The old land of Israel is, as it were, buried beneath layer after layer of medieval ruins. In Jerusalem it is literally so; and the excavations, by which the Palestine Exploration Fund is seeking to identify many famous sites in and about the city, vividly represent the process of disinterment necessary if the actual Palestine of Bible times is to be recovered from beneath the rubbish-heaps and ruins—material, political and ecclesiastical—of the last eighteen centuries.

"I shall never think of it like this," was the remark of an American visitor in the modern Garden of Gethsemane; and certain it is that the Palestine of to-day, with all its endless and amazing interest for the Christian student of the Bible, is, after all, in some respects, only the venerable mummy of the sacred Land of Israel, swathed from head to foot, as it were, in the grave-clothes of the bygone ages of the Christian era, though the day of awakening and restoration may be drawing near. On every hand are the traces not only of the more distant but of the nearer past.

Before the traveller is many miles inland from Jaffa Ramleh makes its appearance. Its name simply means "sandy" (it is on the Plain of Sharon); but our attention is drawn to its White Tower and its Mosque, which was once a church. Both belong to the Christian epoch; and the latter is a relic of a Christianity now and for many ages past almost submerged beneath the dominant Mohammedanism. And as the modern pilgrim journeys on, and Jerusalem itself is reached, he is reminded of the fact, at least half-forgotten by many of us, that there have been two distinct periods of Christian ascendancy in Palestine: the first that of the Christian emperors;

the second that of the Latin kingdom established by the Crusaders, of which Godfrey de Bouillon reverently refused to be crowned king.

Stand in front of the south door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; at your feet is the last earthly resting-place of an Anglo-Norman knight, D'Aubigni (or Daubeny), a Crusader; but enter the church, and descend the long flight of steps near the north-east corner: here you find yourself in the ancient chapel of St. Helena, the British mother of Constantine the great. Yonder is the niche where, tradition says, she sat and watched, with credulous reverence, the digging (on a lower level still) which was believed to have led to the discovery (the "invention," to use the Latin term) of the true cross. This was early in the fourth century, some seven hundred years before the time of the Crusades.

Again, go "even unto Bethlehem." The noble Church of the Nativity—which, in all probability, marks the true site of the khan where our Redeemer was born—belongs, like the oldest part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to the fourth century, when the veneration of the "Holy Places" became a mark of devotion, after the example had been set by the Empress-Mother Helena. But on the ancient pillars may be found the rough autographs of the Crusaders; and when you leave the convent and walk the streets of "the city where David dwelt," the fine-looking Bethlehemites whom you meet—every one of them professing Christians—are a living memorial of the sojourn of these Western knights of old, from whom they claim to be descended.

Now let us return to Jerusalem, and then wend our way along the valley of the Kedron, as it winds south-eastward from the Holy City. Far down, in a lonely spot about mid-way between Jerusalem and the Dead-Sea, where

the valley has deepened into a gorge, and the heat in summer is so insufferable that it may account for the name it bears (Wâdy-en-Nâr—"the valley of fire") here, among the gray hills of the Desert of Judea, a strange pile of massive buildings clings to the cliff-side, and climbs hither and thither about the almost perpendicular rocks.

It is the Monastery of Mar Saba, no modern convent, but a venerable Greek Laura, which was already ancient in the days of Saladin and Cœur de Lion. In fact, this is the hermitage alluded to in Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman." The rocky cliffs around it have been honeycombed for centuries, as they are now, with hermits' caves; and it was here that "St. Stephen the Sabaite" wrote years ago, in the original Greek, the hymn familiar to us—"Art thou weary?" The old Laura looks half a fortress; and, in fact, it has seen terrible deeds of violence in days gone by; as witness that heap of skulls, the relics of hermits martyred by the Persian king Khosru (Shosnoes), in his invasion of Palestine during the later days of the Roman Empire.

We will return once more to Jerusalem, and follow from thence the wild, desolate road which, after passing Bethany, leads, by a succession of long descents, towards Jericho and the Jordan. We are almost exactly in the track of "a certain man" of old who "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers;" it has happened to many since those days. But when we emerge at length into the Plain of Jordan, with its semi-tropical vegetation—the deepest depression, probably, on the surface of the earth—we find no "city of palm-trees." Here, indeed, at the entrance to Wâdy Kelt (possibly Brook Cherith), is the site of "Herod's Jericho," the city of Zacchaeus, and of "blind Bartimaeus." We have seen the remains of a mighty aqueduct which supplied its citizens'

thirst in those days. And some distance to the north is a *tel*, or mound, marking the place where "Joshua's Jericho" once stood. Close beside it is "Elisha's spring." But the wretched little village of *Eriha* (Jericho), which lies some way to the east of both the Bible sites, inherits nothing but the name, and seems to date only from the time of the Crusades. The city of Old Testament times has been followed into decay and demolition by the city of New Testament times; and, in the ages since, a new city has sprung up, and all but disappeared like its predecessors, while not a single palm-tree is to be seen.

And so elsewhere; for these are but a few instances. Far and wide among the hills of Palestine, beside or upon the ruins of Hebrew or Roman buildings, you will find crusading castles, now themselves in ruins, and Christian churches, either fallen into decay or utilized as Mohammedan mosques. The Mosque El Aksa, at the south end of the great temple area, was certainly built for Christian worship; while the

"Dome of the Rock," popularly mis-called the "Mosque of Omar," may possibly have been both a heathen temple (when Jerusalem was *Aelia Capitolina*) and a Christian church, before it finally became a Mohammedan shrine.

Truly Palestine has a history in the nearer past which to most of us is all but a blank. As we wander half-bewildered among the relics of Old Testament and New Testament times, mingled with those of the Christian centuries when Mohammed was yet unborn, and relics of the later period, when the long struggle between the Crescent and the Cross was being waged, now themselves obscured by later changes still, it dawns upon the mind with ever-increasing clearness that the present state of the land and the people of Palestine is the outcome of centuries upon centuries of conflict and desolation, "change and decay," which have rolled over it since the days when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea.

Chambers's Journal.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

The soil is mine, its wide domain
Yields spaces for me everywhere;
A freshened youth I lend the plain,
And make the hills more debonair.

I am the brother of the sky,
His blue flag waves above my green;
We greet each other eye to eye,
At times with cloudy thoughts between.

My bounteous locks the breezes sweep,
And wanton with my waving hair;
I laugh to feel the nibbling sheep,
The kine that browse without a care.

A patient, fragrant lap I lie,
Indulgent of each vagrant tread;
Above me shouting life sweeps by,
Beneath me sleep the silent dead.

Louis Barsac.

THE WAKING OF THE BIRDS.

It is a misty morning when at about half-past three I look out of the window towards the Great Meadow and the fen beyond. I have been trying to read myself to sleep for nearly an hour, but in vain. Gladstone's "Butler," and the "Revue des Revues"—I have tried them both to no purpose. As I let the top sash of the window down such a confused bable of sound comes in as I have never heard before. Blackbirds, thrushes, plovers, nightingales, redshanks, a robin, two or three larks, and other birds that in the din I cannot distinguish, are all singing and calling at the top of their voices. I have never heard anything like it. Somehow or other it exactly expresses to my mind what our Norfolk people mean when they speak of "making a 'duller,'" intending by the phrase to describe such noises as the clatter of a mill, or the shouting of children at their play. I noticed the same unusual vigor in the birds' song a fortnight since at night. It had been a thoroughly wretched day of rain, mist and cold wind, which cleared away at sunset, and when I went out at eight o'clock the twilight was clear and calm, and the birds were at their loudest and their best till nearly nine o'clock, when the darkness had lapped over all things. The larks were singing overhead as usual for almost an hour after the other birds were silent, and the next morning, long before it was light, they were singing again. There is nothing so beautiful, I think, as the lark's song in the late evening or very early morning. It then comes

falling, falling, through the silence, from the skies with an unreal thrill that even the song of the nightingale is without.

The cuckoo is especially delighting himself in the coming of the new day, and calls and shouts and acts like a thoroughly demoralized rollicking bird who has been out all night, and not like one who went to bed early, and has to work hard for all he gets. He cannot in his exuberance finish his call properly, but gushes on in the most delightful way, every syllable ringing with the bursting joy that is filling his heart; *cuck—uck—UCK—UCK—OOO. Cuck—UCK—UCK—OOO!* He never sings like this after he has been in our climate a few days. He is overcome by its dullness; or he is so busy either picking up his living, or looking out for other people's nests to rear his young in, that his joy becomes cribbed and more methodical. I think the idea that the small birds hunt him because of that weakness of his about nests is quite false, and is a little bit of the unconscious Phariseism that mankind delights in. The cuckoo is hunted because he is so much like the cock sparrow-hawk that the innocent birds cannot tell the difference, and thus in the strange but unusual whirligig fashion that Nature has of punishing, he gets what he deserves in a round-about way.

Variations in the nature of the seasons make little difference in the time of the return of the birds. In 1895 the cuckoo was heard here on the 18th of April, in 1896 on the 20th, and this

year on the 17th of April, the weather being altogether different in each year. The nightingale, uncertain in everything, varies most in the date of making his arrival known; he has been heard here on April 4th; in 1895 he did not begin singing till the 23d, this year he was in full song by the 18th. Four years ago there were three nightingales in the shrubbery for a month, and then no more was heard of them. There was one last year who sang most deliciously in the same place from Easter to Whitsuntide. This year, on setting open the front door and one of the side doors, I have heard seven nightingales singing at the same time. There is one building in the woodstack that I laid down for the rabbits to burrow under, and another is constantly singing in the middle hedge against one who uses either the roof of the rosecomb bantam pen or the tree hanging over it as his concert platform. In June the birds start singing here at the following times in the morning: cuckoos at five minutes to two, blackbirds at a quarter to three, swallows at twenty minutes past two, nightingales at three; larks can hardly be said to leave off singing day or night when the weather is clear and the moon well up. I have heard them singing after eleven at night, and before one in the morning.

Swallows have great power of enjoyment. I am certain that I have seen them chasing white feathers for sport, and not because they were deceived by their appearance and thought they were butterflies or moths. They caught them and let them go, and then darted after them again and again, with the loudest shrieks and screams that they could make. At another time I saw a young cuckoo perching on the top of an iron railing, and two swallows kept flying backwards and forwards within an inch of its head, which the cuckoo had to keep inces-

santly on the dodge to avoid being struck. Every time he moved his head his tormentors uttered a shrill cry of gratified delight, that, if bird language means anything at all, said as plainly as could be said: "There, we have done it again! We are having a fine time."

The heavy rains this year have filled the "meres" on the Warren as they used to be filled. They had been dry for four years, if not longer, and the watercourses running from them had become overgrown with nettles. Now that they are full again the redshanks have come back, and in one of the watercourses, on a tuft of grass in the centre, plain and open for every one to see, a coot built her nest. The nine eggs were all hatched off, I believe, and contrary to the bird's usual habit—for it is a stop-in-one-place sort of creature—mother and young disappeared immediately, going, no doubt, to a more secluded retreat. Some years ago I saw either a coot's or a waterhen's nest that had broken from its moorings, floating about on the top of a pond, with the old bird placidly sitting in it quite indifferent to the danger of being swamped or water-logged, and beside the nest her mate was paddling, turn and turn about as the nest went, both he and she thinking only of the sunshine, and of their love for each other.

The sun across the meads glows bright,
The river shines a silver sheet,
And mirrors back the pearly light.
In its warm gleam the shadows fleet,
Earth seems in joy the heaven to greet.
Heaven's love illumes the deep blue skies,
And birds and flowers and streams repeat:
"Where true love dwells is Paradise."

The redshanks are amongst the handsomest of the snipe species. Their white underparts and long red legs gleam in a splendid contrast of

color as they fly round an intruder on their domains, uttering all the time their low whistling cry. Their eggs are always placed small ends together in the nest. It is a dreadfully pugnacious bird. Several times I have seen two unite to drive away a third which had wandered from its proper quarters, and not leave it till it was clear away from the mere which their tribe frequented. I think at first as I look out of the window I hear the whistle of the curlew. I fancy that I have heard it several times before this spring, but I have not seen it, as I dare not follow the sound up close, lest the sacred partridges or the still more sacred pheasants should be disturbed. All things and all the land in these parts are theirs from May to August, and the unbroken calm of their breeding time must not be interrupted on any account, and certainly not on account of any other bird. In these bad times with us it is the game that pays the farmer's rent, so that I dare not find fault with it. The curlew, I am told, used to be very common here, and with his three and twenty inches of stature and his six to seven inches of bill, and legs of equal or greater length, it is not likely that any other bird would be mistaken for him. I think, however, this is too far east to be a breeding station of his, and most likely it is some other bird that I hear calling.¹ He, and the bittern, and the great bustard (one of the last bustards killed here weighed twenty-four pounds) used to be common on the great heath of which our Warren forms a part. Many years ago I heard a bittern "bellowing" on Sheringham Common. This unearthly noise once heard is not likely to be forgotten. The country people say it is caused by the bird putting its bill inside a reed and then blowing down it.

¹ After writing this I saw and identified five curlews on the neighbouring heath.

The sound is something like what would be made by repeatedly and softly striking a drum with a ball of wet rags, and when heard at night, as it generally is, the effect is very awe-inspiring. "Miredrum," "Bogbumper," "Bumpy-coss," are old country names for the bird. They give us an idea of the humorous awe with which it was regarded. The poets, too, have noted its booming, as these extracts will show:—

"As a bittore bumbleth in the mire."—*Canterbury Tales, The Wife of Bath.*

"As a bittour bumps within a reed."—*Dryden.*

"When first the vales the bittern fills."—*Wordsworth, The Evening Walk.*

Another common name for the bittern was "Bull of the bog," and I think it very likely that it was from this name of the bittern, and the scaring noise that the bird makes, that the old terrifying bugbear that nurses used to frighten children with got the name of bull-begger that has so puzzled etymologists, the change from "bull-bogger" to "bull-begger" being easily accounted for.

"Then she (in anger) in her armes
would snatch me,
And bid the begger or bull-begger
catch me,
With, 'take him, begger, take him,'
would she say."—*John Taylor's Workes.*

"And being an ill-look'd fellow, he has a pension from the churchwardens for being bull-begger to all the froward children in the parish."—*Mountford, Greenwich Park.*

The bittern was strictly preserved in the days when falconry was practised. One year's imprisonment and a fine of 8d. for each egg (equal to 6s. 8d. of our money) was the punishment inflicted by an Act of Edward VI. for robbing the "bittour's" nest. It always darts at the eyes of a hawk or any other enemy attacking it, and with its thick, pike-like bill inflicts the

most dangerous wounds. The long claw of its hind toe was highly valued by spruce young people as a tooth-pick, not only on account of its shape but because the use of it was said to make the teeth white and hard.

A pair of lapwings are calling and flying over the garden fence. I have never before known a pair to hang about a house as these have done this spring. They regularly disappear at seven in the morning and nothing is seen or heard of them all day. It is quite startling to watch them sail to and fro, then suddenly drop to within a few inches of the ground, and then rise some fifty yards in the air, as if from the mere rebound of their fall. In the long summer days they must be on the wing for at least twelve hours a day, and as near as I can time them, they travel at about fifteen miles an hour, so that this little creature, by its own muscular power and on a non-resisting surface, goes over at least 1,250 miles every week. Wonderful as this is, however, that still smaller creature, the swallow, covers twice the distance every week of its life after it turns out into the world on its own account. It rises earlier and goes to bed later than the lapwing. It has no autumn and winter rest, and as we can tell by observing how it keeps up with a train, or with a fast trotting horse, circling all the while round the horse and trap, its speed is at least double that of the larger bird. What a beautiful exhibition of skill and strength there is in that favorite manoeuvre of the swallow of turning sharp on his path, and then rising perpendicularly in the air, climbing upwards, as it were, by a little flutter of the wings. There is surely nothing else like it as an exhibition of nerve and muscular force in the whole range of animal motions. The nearest approach to it is the manner in which fish leap out of the water. I have seen

dace about four inches long spring at least eighteen inches above the water with their heads up and tails down as they leapt.

I was walking across the Warren some time ago with Cockley Cley (Cockley Cley is the handsomest dog in England), when Cley ran into a lapwing and her brood; instantly the whole place was like a hospital with all its patients on the floor. The lapwing fluttered ahead, rolling over as if shot, a partridge that had been hid amongst the heather began to scream and tumble along the ground, trailing both its wings, while another partridge acted in the same way, but with more violence, a little farther ahead. Then a wheatear began to take short flights from gorse bush to gorse, chirping as if hurt, and the young lapwings and partridges scattered about in all directions. The confusion and disorder were altogether such as we are not used to in our parish, and for a few moments distract me. It did not last long however, the nestlings soon hid themselves, and then before the dog's astonished eyes the old birds, shouting in defiance and joy, rose high in the air. A few days after this I came suddenly on a snipe in the fern. She repeated the same trick, and I forgetting, followed her to see if I could do anything to her injured limb, till she reached the edge of the stream, when she was over and away in a moment, accompanied by her mate who had been waiting for her on the other side.

I am a believer in evolution; but I acknowledge that this habit of birds when they are with their young is directly opposed to that scheme. The habit cannot have risen from the survival of the fittest, nor from acquired or hereditary instinct, because wounded birds would perish and leave no descendants, and the unwounded ones in their company would be too sacred, and in too much of a hurry to

escape, to observe the actions of their injured companions. Anyway, when I turned back and saw the little brown snipe's four olive and buff eggs lying safe under the tuft of sedge she had placed over them, I felt ready to cry, and prayed the God of the birds to take care of her.

I have spoken of the swallow's good humor, but they can be full of spite at times. On Oak Apple Day, a hen sparrow was sitting quiet and contented on the top of my stable chimney, when she was sighted by two swallows, who flew at her with all their strength, one after the other. After hitting her several times, one caught her on the side of the neck and sent her tail over head down the chimney. As she did not appear again, the two swallows sat puffing and panting for some minutes on the chimney edge, and then flew away, one chattering to the other no doubt about their victory.

Why I of birds the monarch am, as
erst
Was Aristomenes of youths the first.
Let coward doves perch on the
coward's grave,
But gallant heroes always love the
brave.

The last nights of April have been clear, and the darkness has come on gently after rainy days, and more than once lately I have seen a sight that is new to me. The bats were busy hawking at the height of the first floor of the house, and a hundred feet above them the swallows and martins were at the same work. The effect of the two companies flying backwards and forwards in perfect silence, one above the other, and keeping themselves quite distinct, was very mysterious and shadowy. The swallows went in only a few minutes before the bats, and then the tawny owls began to hoot. (This is the only species of owl that does hoot.) Presently one glided between the apple trees, and after that all was still.

As I stand by the window watching, I can see a rabbit on the grass plot biting off short tufts of grass, which she arranges longways in her mouth. When she has gathered as much as she can carry, she trots to the wire fence, leaps it, and goes down the garden path in the direction of the hole that she has made to bring up her young in. She carries her head high, and is evidently all in a flutter of pride and expectation as she carries off the lining for her nest. She continues her mowing all the time I watch her, and when I go on the grass plot afterwards, I see that she has completely cleared the grass off a patch of ground about eighteen inches square. Well might the old Syriac scriptures put "creation" as a whole in the feminine gender always, and speak of "her" as doing or being this or the other. The maternity of Nature reigns so universally that the most timid creatures are subject to its sway, and transformed and glorified by it. Nature is always either preparing her children for the joys of motherhood, or else rejoicing with them in their fulfilment. The sighings of the creature which the apostle speaks of are not only for the glory that is to come with the eternal presence of the creature's Lord, but for the glory also that comes with the bloom and flower and fruit of every year. All these sounds that break on my delighted ears this morning are songs of love and cries of joy because another day has risen; and these creatures of the air, who dwell nearer to the creative essence than the rest, know that it is to be a day of birth and growth. It is strange, and I cannot help thinking of it as I stand and listen, that there are a few who would violate this sweet law, and that in these latter days we hear the beauty and honor of motherhood denied, and that, too, by some of those who are the noblest of Nature's

creatures. The yearning for the pressure of the lips of their own borne babe, the desire to hear that babe call one "mother," the proud hope of seeing it grow up to beauty and strength, these things are now derided by a few. The whole cosmos cries out against them, and declares that to perpetuate the life which fills it is the sum of its order and its laws.

But I have gone from my birds. As the morning fully breaks, the noisy concert ceases, and the calls of the fen birds are no longer heard; but from separate bushes and trees the birds sing against each other. A thrush is on the tall ash that overlooks Rix's Piece, and with his music, as from a crystal trumpet, bears down even the nightingale that is fluting in the alder bush beneath.

On the first of last February I saw a blue thrush in a hedge on the borders of our parish. It was flying from twig to twig, and the hedge being bare of leaves I could see it well, till it flew some forty yards down the road to join a bird which was apparently a hen of the same species. The blue thrush (*Turdus cyaneus*; *Merle de roche bleu*) is common in Southern Europe and North-Eastern Africa, but this seems to have been the only time that it has been noticed in Great Britain. One was shot in Westmeath in November, 1866. If its powers of song are equal to its appearance, I envy, as a Briton, the countries in which it is indigenous. Its dusky blue plumage and slender shape are more elegant than those of our thrush, bold and handsome a fellow, and true Englishman to the backbone as he is. I have often thought how curious it is that the fauna and the humanity of a country are so much alike. Japanese "robins," Japanese finches, Japanese poultry are images of Japanese men and women. And

"elegant" birds like the blue thrush, the blue-breast, and the golden oriole, are matched by the people of the centre and south of Europe where they are found.

It is strange that while we get numerous stragglers from distant parts of the world, our near bird neighbors never, or very rarely, come to us. For instance, the blue-breast, one of the most common continental songsters, is all but unknown in England; and the crested lark, scores of which are seen as soon as we get off the boat at Calais, has not been noticed half-a-dozen times in Great Britain. The citril finch, the song bird of the Southern Alps, never has been seen wild in our islands; and the serin, the beautiful olive-colored merry-singing finch that is so common in Switzerland and France, I believe has only been seen once in an undoubtedly wild state in the British Isles. It may be that the far-off wanderers have lost their way altogether, and not being able to find the right path again, allow themselves to be driven anywhere by the wind, or where chance fancies happen to lead them. But the others, even if they are beaten out of their course, keep in sight of their own shores, and make for them again before it is too late. Herein is wisdom surely; never to lose sight of the fatherland, and always to keep well within its influence, so that no matter how we may be buffeted about, we shall not lose sight either of its loved beauty, or of those whose hearts still beat in pure sympathy with ours, although we are parted from them for a time. We can then find them again when we will.

And glance to glance and hand to hand
in greeting.

The past with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely yearning years,
Shall vanish in the sweetness of that
meeting.

Robert C. Nightingale.

STEPHANE MALLARME.

In the midst of the violent incidents which have occupied public attention during the past fortnight the passing of a curious figure in the literary life of France has been almost unobserved. Stéphane Mallarmé died September 9th at his cottage of Bicherie, near Vulaine-sur-Seine, after a short illness. He was still in the fulness of life, having been born March 18, 1842, but he had long seemed fragile. Five or six years ago, and at a quieter time, the death of Mallarmé would have been a newspaper "event," for in the early nineties his disciples managed to awaken around his name and his very contemplative person an astonishing amount of curiosity. This culminated in and was partly assuaged by the publication in 1893 of his "Vers et Prose," with a dreamy portrait, a lithograph of great beauty, by Mr. Whistler. Then Mallarmé had to take his place among things seen and known; his works were no longer arcane; people had read "Hérodiade," and their reason had survived the test. In France, where sensations pass so quickly, Mallarmé has already long been taken for granted.

It was part of his resolute oddity to call himself by the sonorous name of Stéphane, but I have been assured that his god-parents gave him the humbler one of Etienne. He was descended from a series, uninterrupted both on the father's and on the mother's side, of officials connected with the parochial and communal registers, and Mallarmé was the quite-unexpected flower of this sober vegetation. He was to have been a clerk himself, but he escaped to England about 1862, and returned to Paris only to become what he remained, professionally, for the remainder of his life—a teacher of the English language. While he was with

us he learned to cultivate a passion for boating, and in the very quiet, unambitious life of his later years to steal away to his "*yole d'acajou*" and lose himself, in dreaming, on one of the tributaries of the Seine was his favorite, almost his only, escapade. In 1873 or 1874 he was in London, and then my acquaintance with him began. I have a vision of him now, the little, brown, gentle person, trotting about in Bloomsbury with an elephant folio under his arm, trying to find Mr. Swinburne by the unassisted light of instinct.

This famous folio contained Edgar Poe's "Raven," translated by Mallarmé and illustrated in the most intimidating style by Manet, who was then still an acquired taste. We should to-day admire these illustrations, no doubt, very much; I am afraid that in 1874, in perfidious Albion, they awakened among the few who saw them undying mirth. Mallarmé's main design in those days was to translate the poems of Poe, urged to it, I think, by a dictum of Baudelaire's, that such a translation "*peut être un rêve caressant, mais ne peut être qu'un rêve.*" Mallarmé reduced it to reality, and no one has ever denied that his version of Poe's poem's is as admirably successful as it must have been difficult of performance. In 1875 the "Parnasse Contemporain" rejected Mallarmé's first important poem, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and his revolt against the Parnassian theories began. In 1876 he suddenly braved opinion by two "couriers of the Décadence," one the "Faune," in quarto, the other a reprint of Beckford's "Vathek," with a preface, an octavo, in vellum. Fortunate the bibliophil of to-day who possesses these treasures, which were received in Paris with nothing but ridi-

cule, and are now sought after like rubies.

Extraordinary persistence in an idea, and extraordinary patience under external discouragement, these were eminent characteristics of Mallarmé. He was not understood. Well, he would wait a little longer. He waited, in fact, some seventeen years before he admitted an ungrateful public again to an examination of his specimens. Meanwhile, in several highly eccentric forms, the initiated had been allowed to buy "Pages" from his works in prose and verse, at high prices, in most limited issues. Then, in 1893, there was a burst of celebrity and perhaps of disenchantment. When the tom-toms and the conches are silent, and the Veiled Prophet is revealed at last, there is always some frivolous person who is disappointed at the revelation. Perhaps Mallarmé was not quite so thrilling when his poems could be read by everybody as when they could only be gazed at through the glass bookcase doors of wealthy amateurs. But still, if everybody could now read them, not everybody could understand them. In 1894 the amiable poet came over here, and delivered at Oxford and at Cambridge, "*cités savantes*," an address of the densest Cimmerian darkness on music and letters. In 1897 appeared a collection of essays in prose, called "Divagations." The dictionaries will tell the rest of the story.

It seems quite impossible to conjecture what posterity will think of the poetry of Stéphen Mallarmé. It is not of the class which rebuffs contemporary sympathy by its sentiments or its subjects; the difficulty of Mallarmé consists entirely in his use of language. He was allied with, or was taken as a master by, the young men who have broken up and tried to remodel the prosody of France. In popular estimation he came to be identified with them, but in error; there are no *vers*

libres in Mallarmé. He was resolutely misapprehended, and perhaps, in his quiet way, he courted misapprehension. But if we examine very carefully in what his eccentricity (or his originality) consisted, we shall find it all resolving itself into a question of language. He thought that the vaunted precision and lucidity of French style, whether in prose or verse, was degrading the national literature; that poetry must preserve, or must conquer, an embroidered garment to distinguish her from the daily newspaper. He thought the best ways of doing this were, firstly, to divert the mind of the reader from the obvious and beaten paths of thought, and, secondly, to arrange in a decorative or melodic scheme words chosen or reverted to for their peculiar dignity and beauty.

Mallarmé has been employed as a synonym for darkness, but he did not choose this as a distinction. He was not like Donne, who, when Edward Herbert had been extremely crabbed in an elegy on Prince Henry, wrote one himself to "match," as Ben Jonson tells us, Herbert "in obscurity." In a letter to myself, some years ago, Mallarmé protested, with evident sincerity, against the charge of being Lyceophrontic: "*excepté par maladresse ou gaucherie je ne suis pas obscur.*" Yet where is obscurity to be found if not in "Don du Poème"? What is dense if the light flows freely through "Pour Des Esseintes"? Some of his alterations of his own text betray the fact that he treated words as musical notation, that he was far more intimately affected by their euphonic interrelation than by their meaning in logical sequence. In my own copy of "Les Fenêtres" he has altered in MS. the line

"Que dore le main chaste de l'Infini!"
to

"Que dore le matin chaste de l'Infini."

Whether the Infinite had a Hand or a Morning was purely a question of euphony. So, what had long appeared as "*mon exotique soin*" became "*mon unique soin*." In short, Mallarmé used words, not as descriptive, but as suggestive means of communication between the writer and the reader, and the object of a poem of his was not to define what the poet was thinking about, but to force the listener to think about it by blocking up all routes of impression save that which led to the desired and indicated bourne.

He was a very delightful man, whom his friends will deeply regret. He was a particularly lively talker, and in his conversation, which was marked by good sense no less than by a singular delicacy of perception, there was no trace of the wilful perversity of his written style. He had a strong sense of humor, and no one will ever know,

perhaps, how far a waggish love of mystification entered into his theories and his experiments. He was very much amused when Verlaine said of him that he "*considéra la clarté comme une grâce secondaire*." It certainly was not the grace he sought for first. We may, perhaps, be permitted to think that he had no such profoundly novel view of nature or of man as justified such violent procedures as he introduced. But, when we were able to comprehend him, we perceived an exquisite fancy, great refinement of feeling and an attitude towards life which was uniformly and sensitively poetical. Is it not to be supposed that when he could no longer be understood, when we lost him in the blaze of language, he was really more delightful than ever, if only our gross senses could have followed him?

Edmund Gosse.

Saturday Review.

THE KAISER'S PILGRIMAGE.

The party which is to accompany the German Emperor to Palestine will, including the empress, court ladies, household officials, and his majesty's military *entourage* and personal attendants, number altogether about a hundred persons. The clergy who have been invited to take part in the consecration festivities at Jerusalem are not included in this number. They travel at their own expense, and must fend for themselves, and only in the Holy City will they be the emperor's guests. For the rest, the widespread supposition that the imperial journey from Berlin to Jerusalem is being managed throughout by a tourist agency is incorrect. The tour will be managed, until Europe is left, by the Court Marshal's Office, and the agency in ques-

tion only takes charge when Asia is reached. The outward journey is, as is known, via, Constantinople, where there will be a grand reception by the Sultan. From here the journey will be continued by the sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, the *Ægean* Sea, and the Mediterranean, along the coast of Palestine, past Beyrouth, Tyre, and Sidon, to Hephata, which will be reached on the 26th of October. Jaffa will be the next point, and thence a direct route will be taken to Jerusalem.

On their arrival in Palestine the imperial couple will be received by young German ladies all dressed alike, and the frocks they will wear on the occasion are being made at Magdeburg. They are of white muslin with cream moiré sashes. The simple and youthful

costumes are made smarter by being trimmed with Maréchal Niel roses and lilies of the valley, the empress's favorite flowers. On the 31st of October the solemn consecration of the church will take place, the foundation stone having been laid by the Emperor Frederick when Crown Prince. Several excursions will be made from Jerusalem and places of interest visited—including Jericho and, of course, Bethlehem. The return journey from Jerusalem will be taken advantage of to explore the Holy Land. First, in a northerly direction, Nazareth, Tiberias and Capernaum will be visited, and then Hephata, where the imperial couple first landed. Thence they will go by sea to Beyrouth, and again land for a longer tour by coach and rail to Damascus and the Lebanon, and then back again to Beyrouth, where the party will embark on the 15th of November for Europe. Before the end of the month the imperial travellers will most likely be back on the Spree, without having touched Constantinople again. The task of the agency above referred to is by no means an easy one, for, with the exception of Jaffa and Damascus, the only place where hotels will be made use of, tents will be the order of the day, and one can easily imagine that it will be by no means so simple to furnish meals as it would be from a hotel kitchen. One need scarcely say that the tents are not simple field tents, but are pretty solidly built and luxuriously fitted up, which is, of course, necessary, there being so many ladies of the party. Special attention will most likely be paid to the transport of the jewels and very valuable orders, and although

they are being conveyed under a special Turkish escort, special officials of the court marshal's office and others appointed by the agency will be told off for their surveillance.

At the consecration of the Saviour's Church in Jerusalem, all the dignitaries of the Christian religious communities in the Holy City, especially the Greek, Armenian and the Roman Catholic, will be present. The German Evangelical community will appear for the first time as an official corporation. While for centuries the above-named churches have been a power in Palestine, Protestantism was scarcely thought of till the beginning of this century. The Americans were the first to bring about a change, and later on the English, and, under Frederick William the Fourth, the Prussian Protestants also gained some rights. But even as late as after the restoration of the German empire at the beginning of the seventies, the German Protestants were only allowed to use a chapel every second Sunday afternoon, which belonged to the English mission to the Jews.

According to the agreement then arrived at an evangelical bishop was appointed by England and Prussia alternately. Only in the eighties were these relations broken off and the German Evangelical community in Jerusalem was made independent. It has now received in the Church of the Saviour—which, with its magnificent spire, towers above all the surrounding domes—its own fitting place of worship. The forthcoming events are of the greatest importance to the authority of the German name in Palestine.